

Américas

Colombians experiment with the

UNIVERSITY OF THE ANDES

THE BARBED PEN OF "COKE"

Prizewinning Chilean cartoonist

PARADISE LOST

Forgotten villages in the jungle

MENACE FROM THE EAST

Beware of the Oriental
fruit fly

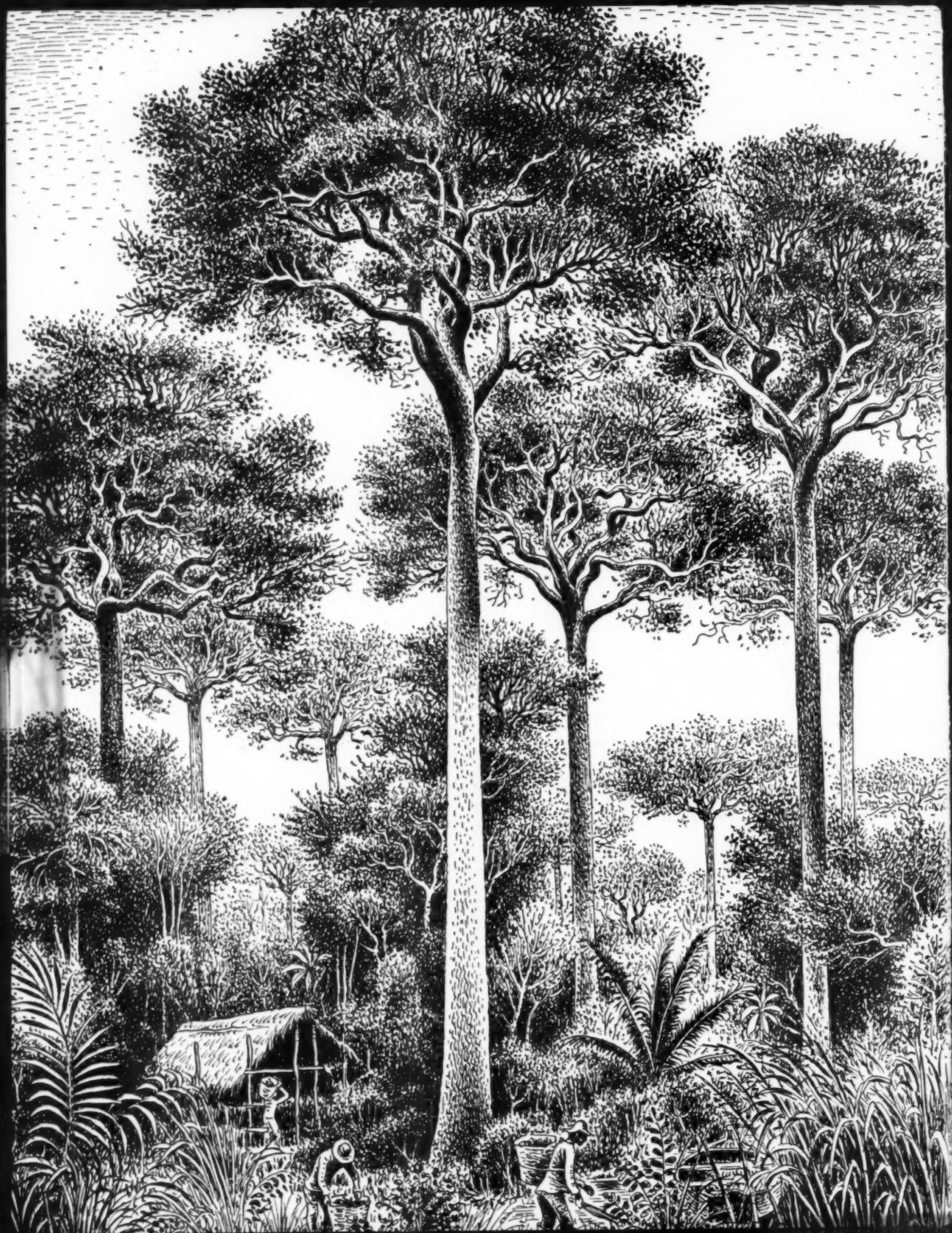
STYLED IN BRAZIL

Fashions down south

25

cents

*A corner of San Francisco
(see "City by the Golden Gate,"
page 24)*



Américas

Volume 4, Number 11

November 1952

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

CONTENTS

| Page | |
|------|---|
| 2 | CONTRIBUTORS |
| 3 | UNIVERSITY OF THE ANDES |
| 6 | THE BARBED PEN OF COKE Carlos Reyes |
| 8 | COKE TELLS HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE |
| 9 | PARADISE LOST N. Pelham Wright |
| 13 | MENACE FROM THE EAST Alfonso Varela and George C. Compton |
| 16 | STYLED IN BRAZIL |
| 18 | SARMIENTO THE WRITER Enrique Anderson Imbert |
| 21 | PUERTO RICAN MODERN José Gómez Sicre |
| 24 | CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE Francis Violich |
| 28 | IT'S THE TALK IN . . . |
| | MEXICO CITY |
| | MANAGUA |
| | SÃO PAULO |
| 29 | EMBASSY ROW ! |
| 32 | POINTS OF VIEW |
| 36 | BOOKS |
| | THE GREAT DEBATE: INDUSTRIALIZATION VS. |
| | AGRICULTURE Gonzalo Blanco |
| | A CUBAN LOOKS AT HEMINGWAY Lino Novás Calvo |
| 40 | OAS FOTO-FLASHES |
| 46 | GRAPHICS CREDITS |
| 47 | KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS? |
| 48 | LETTERS TO THE EDITORS |

Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.
Alberto Lleras, Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando S. Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig
Mary G. Reynolds
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos
Lillian L. de Tagle
Betty Wilson

Layout & Typography

Presentation Incorporated

Cover

Drawing by James Keilty

Any material not copyrighted may be reprinted from AMERICAS, providing it is accompanied by the following credit line: "Reprinted from AMERICAS, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union in English, Spanish, and Portuguese." Articles must carry the author's name.

Subscription rate of AMERICAS: \$3.00 a year for the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢.

Dear Reader

There is a widespread idea in Latin America that "the North Americans know more about us than we do ourselves." The statement is not entirely accurate in all cases and all branches of knowledge, but it is a fact that for many years the universities and institutions of higher learning of the United States have been carrying on a systematic and quiet process of research on the outstanding phases of Latin American life.

Three years ago the Pan American Union published a report on U. S. university courses dealing with Latin American history, literature, geography, foreign relations, anthropology, ethnology, archeology, economic and social conditions, education, art, medicine, agriculture, zoology, and botany. The totals are very impressive: more than three thousand courses on Latin America are available to North American students in almost nine hundred universities and colleges.

This intensive teaching activity goes on side by side with even more zealous research by hundreds of university professors and even by the students themselves.

The Pan American Union, in a desire to examine this huge effort on the part of the universities of the country, has suggested holding an inter-university seminar on Latin America. In the preparations for these meetings, which will be held on the last Thursday of each month during the school year starting in October, all the universities located in the Washington area have had a hand—American University, Catholic University, Georgetown, George Washington, Howard, and the University of Maryland—as has also the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress. The sessions will be presided over by Professor Harold E. Davis of American University. Outstanding specialists on Latin American studies will take part in the meetings.

While the seminar is getting under way, however, the Department of Cultural Affairs of the Pan American Union has been in touch with the School of General Studies of Columbia University, and it has been agreed to invite the universities of the Northeast to a discussion next November 18 and 19, at Columbia University, of problems relating to the teaching of Latin American subjects, textbooks, student and teacher exchange, and the type of cooperation that the Pan American Union can provide for these activities. To date about seventy institutions have been invited as well as publishing houses and some commercial firms with interests in Latin America.

This undertaking will not be limited to the northeastern section of the country, for it is planned to hold similar meetings for other regions, such as the South, the Midwest, and the Pacific Coast. Participation by the Pan American Union in the splendid work the universities have been doing to make Latin America better known here will no doubt be very helpful not only to the universities, but also to the Organization of American States and its member countries.


Secretary General

Opposite: Drawing of Brazil nut trees
in Pará, by Percy Lau

CONTRIBUTORS



Chilean Embassy press secretary CARLOS REYES first met caricaturist Jorge Delano, about whom he writes in "The Barbed Pen of Coke," some years ago in Santiago when Delano was producing the movie *Escándalo* (Scandal). Some of the scenes dealt with the Fourth Estate, and the producer went to *La Nación*, the newspaper on which Reyes was working, in search of likely actors. Reyes was recruited, but his movie career was limited to the one film. Subsequently, he came to the United States on a

scholarship to study journalism at Columbia University, then became foreign correspondent for several Chilean dailies, covering assignments both in this country and abroad until he joined the Embassy staff in Washington. Soon he'll be on the move again; next year he will deliver a total of two hundred lectures on Latin America in ten states as a visiting professor first at the University of Minnesota, then at the University of Kansas.



For two reasons FRANCIS VIOLICH speaks with authority about the "City by the Golden Gate": first, cities are his business; secondly, San Francisco is his home town. Mr. Violich has piled up some impressive experience in Western Hemisphere housing and city planning: he has turned out two books, *Cities of Latin America* and *Low Cost Housing in Latin America*; he has covered 22,000 miles south of the border doing research on housing and city planning for the San Francisco Columbia Foundation; he has worked for

the San Francisco City Planning Commission and on Venezuela's new plans for Caracas. Formerly housing expert for the PAU, he was here briefly this summer on a consultant basis, then directed four seminars at the OAS housing center in Bogotá. Just to clinch his international leanings, he's married to an attractive Venezuelan.

The engaging drawings accompanying "City by the Golden Gate" came from, of all places, a master's thesis. Artist JAMES KELTY took his graduate work in city and regional planning at the University of California. To illustrate his thesis, which was a technical analysis of San Francisco's urban character, he did the series of sketches reproduced here for the first time.

In "Sarmiento the Writer" Argentine novelist and literary critic ENRIQUE ANDERSON IMBERT analyzes one of the many talents that helped to make the Argentine educator great. With a Ph.D. from the University of Buenos Aires, Dr. Anderson Imbert has taught at

Tucumán, Harvard, and Princeton Universities, and is now on the faculty of the University of Michigan. He has written three books of fiction, various volumes of essays and criticism, and many articles—including several contributions to *AMERICAS*.



Entomologist ALFONSO VARELA, who is co-author with *AMERICAS* staff member GEORGE C. COMPTON of "Menace from the East," also works for the Pan American Union—in the Division of Agriculture. Hailing from Torreón, Mexico, he prepared for his career in agronomy at the university in San Luis Potosí, at the National Agricultural School in Chapingo, and at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. At Texas A and M he was awarded a gold medal for distinguished work, and after winning his

B.S. and M.S. degrees there, he joined the faculty. He has also worked for the Texas State Department of Education and for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. At various times he served as consultant to the Pennsalt International Corporation of Philadelphia, a company that manufactures insecticides, with branches in Mexico, Brazil, and Venezuela.



In the forty-two years that have elapsed since N. PELHAM WRIGHT ("Paradise Lost") was born in England, he has spent very little time there. From Whitgift School he went on to study at Dresden, Santander, Madrid, and Paris. During the war he was on the British Army's General Staff, served in the Expeditionary Force, and later became military attaché in Mexico and the five Central American republics. By now he knows most of the Latin American countries firsthand. Besides innumerable literary and scientific articles, he has written one book—*Mexican Kaleidoscope*—and is at work on another dealing with Central America. For the rest, he says he plays indifferent golf, collects ancient coins, and breeds German Shepherd dogs. When last heard from, he was aboard the *M. V. Factor*, headed for Mexico.

To find out how the Cubans reacted to the latest brainchild of their island neighbor, Ernest Hemingway, we turned to LINO NOVÁS CALVO, who is a distinguished novelist in his own right (see "Cuban Storyteller," February 1951 *AMERICAS*). Novás Calvo is now engaged in translating *The Old Man and the Sea* into Spanish for the Havana weekly *Bohemia*. Mexican-born agronomist GONZALO BLANCO of the PAU division of agriculture considers two books on Mexico's industrial revolution by U.S. authors Frank Tannenbaum and Sanford A. Mosk.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



Four years ago the University of the Andes opened with only eighty-seven students. Now over three hundred throng its campus daily

UNIVERSITY OF THE ANDES

FOUR YEARS AGO a group of eighteen people, mostly young men in their twenties, closeted themselves in a small room in downtown Bogotá to hatch a scheme. Under discussion was neither a political conspiracy nor a military plot, though in a sense the meeting was revolutionary. The discussion grew out of a reaction to the endemic disease of revolutions and its immediate consequences: the instability of institutions and the lack of continuity in programs to improve living standards.

What the young people were after was a democratic way to solve social problems through joint constructive effort. They wanted to start a permanent movement that would face issues realistically without hindrance from either politics or personalities. Their instrument: a modern U.S.-type university, free of any influences foreign to its function. Their plan: private ownership, common enough among U.S. colleges but virtually unknown in

Latin America, where either the church or state or both are accustomed to hold the reins of higher education.

With their independence declared, the young men did not allow their scheme to end up on paper, or merely as a memory of some heated discussions. Six months later, on March 3, 1949, their university opened. Today, it has three hundred students and fifty professors. Named "The University of the Andes," it occupies a site at the foot of the mountains bounding Bogotá's east side, only an eight-minute walk from the downtown area. There are two groups of buildings—old, perhaps, but suitable for classrooms, laboratories, a library, and a recreation room; five small houses; a chapel; and extensive lawns, gardens, and cypress-lined walks lending a peaceful atmosphere for contemplation. Because there are no dormitories, students commute from their homes or off-campus quarters.

Built on faith and hard work, Uniandes, as the institution is popularly known, underwent trials a-borning. From the very beginning, the youthful founders discovered they were considered too young to inspire confidence in a project of this scope. People were inclined to look upon them as maladjusted upstarts, dreamers whose fathers should have put them to work. Those who had studied in the United States at Harvard or Columbia were considered uselessly educated and were accused of plotting to Anglicize Spanish America. But the young people shrewdly found a way to stave off such criticism, which could seriously jeopardize their plans. They resolved to seek the support of certain celebrated and experienced men, long revered by the public.

Right off, they invited the former rector of Bogotá's National University, the well-known physician, Dr. Roberto Franco, to head the new university. But Dr. Franco demurred: "Let me rest. I'm seventy years old. That's no age for adventure." Undismayed, and never underestimating the power of a woman, the youths sought the aid of Mrs. Franco. Within two days, the doctor changed his mind. Because of his tireless interest in new ideas, and provided his responsibilities would rest only in final policy decisions and the appointment of administrative personnel, he agreed to be their rector and stake his reputation on their enterprise.

The significance of Dr. Franco's acceptance became quickly apparent. No longer was the undertaking of a dubious nature. People who had favored it all along were vindicated, and those who had sat on the fence climbed down beside them. Behind the obscurity and inexperience of the young founders and the problem of setting up a local institution based on foreign principles was the prestige of a man who had served Colombia well for more than fifty years.

Overnight, other highly respected citizens joined the staff as deans and members of the board of directors—bankers, industrialists, landowners, professional men, and government officials. Former Mayor of Bogotá and one time Colombian Ambassador to Italy and Argentina Gustavo Santos was named dean of the Colegio de Estudios Superiores, which corresponds to a U.S. college. Organizing the university around the Colegio permits bringing all students together for courses that do not pertain specifically to one profession. For example, study in physics, English, or mathematics is the same for engineers, architects, and economists. This simplifies the curriculum, enabling first-year students to change their majors more easily if they wish.

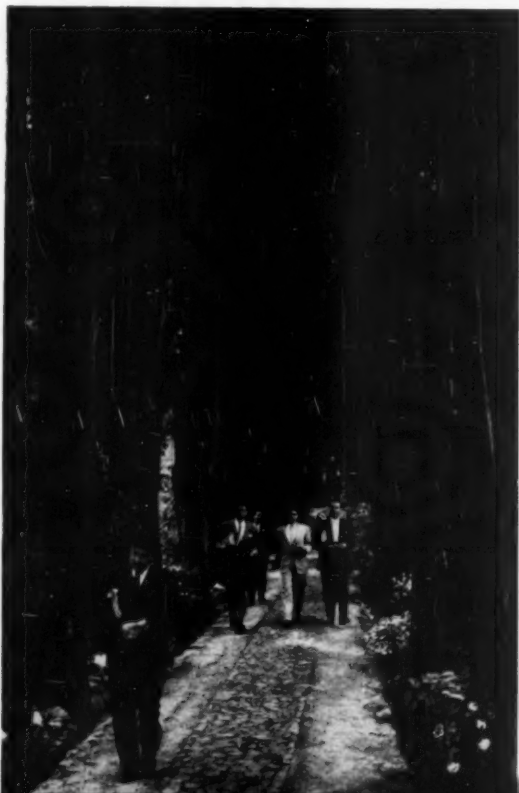
Together, the new officers agreed on three main steps to organize the project. First, university finances had to be put on a legal basis. Second, a detailed academic program had to be drawn up. And, finally, students, professors, equipment, and buildings had to be found. It was December 1948, and opening day was high geared to the following March, because as one of the founders, now vice rector, Mario Laserna, put it: "If we wait till 1950, we'll lose all the enthusiasm we've drummed up."



At a meeting of the Board of Governors, many of Colombia's most distinguished men gather to talk over university matters



Dr. Roberto Franco (right), Uniandes' first rector, chats with successor, statesman Eduardo Zuleta Angel



Tree-lined walks plus extensive lawns and gardens lend Uniandes peaceful atmosphere for study, contemplation

Dr. Franco's son-in-law, Germán Cavelier, a young lawyer, drew up the statutes. After a few amendments had been made, he requested the Colombian Government to recognize Uniandes as a private corporation operating in the public interest. The nation had a coalition government at the time, so the university received the blessing of both Liberals and Conservatives, who, incidentally, were equally represented on its board of directors.

Once officially established, Uniandes was able to solicit donations and enter into certain necessary contracts. Initial gifts totaled \$15,000 U.S., which took care of installation expenses. Today, half the cost of running the university is met by students' fees and the rest by government aid and gifts from individuals and firms.

Next, it was agreed to adopt as far as possible the courses and teaching systems of New York's Columbia University. This offered the advantage of a concrete plan based on the experience of a leading U.S. university. The founders were doing their best to avoid improvisation and guesswork that might weaken the new-born institution and lead to confusion and discord.

Today, along with professional courses in engineering, architecture, or economics, Uniandes students are required to take others designed to acquaint them with the cornerstones of European civilization. The first year each undergraduate must read some fifteen basic cultural works, from Homer and the Book of Job to Goethe. Then these books are considered in discussion groups of twenty under professorial guidance. Another required course is "Contemporary Civilization," in which Columbia University documents provide information on the social, political, and economic evolution of Europe since the fall of Rome. While many students feel indifferent or even hostile to this course at first, they generally end up full of enthusiasm for it. In fact, much encouragement has been offered for more instruction along these lines.

Also noteworthy is the advisory academic council established by Uniandes. Composed of eminent U.S. scientists and educators, it includes such names as Albert Einstein, Jacques Maritain, John von Neumann, and Dana G. Munro. Besides providing assistance in preparing new courses, selecting visiting professors, and obtaining donations of books and teaching materials from U.S. institutions, council members have gone to Bogotá to lecture or direct seminars.

During the first year of operation, most of the eighty-seven students, chosen from only one hundred and fifty applicants, enrolled because they were unable to enter other universities. Soon, however, students began to apply for admission out of preference, and the number of candidates grew dramatically. As for the teaching staff, in addition to Colombians its current roster includes North Americans, Germans, Spaniards, Austrians, Swiss, and Hungarians, some of whom were brought to Colombia expressly to teach at the University of the Andes on the recommendation of the advisory council.

Another problem successfully met by Uniandes was one generally recognized as a shortcoming of Latin American education: the fact that so many professors

(Continued on page 41)

Students from Uniandes at the University of Illinois, where they can go for further specialized training



One of many courses offered to Uniandes students is chemistry, conducted in new laboratories set up in old buildings



As in most universities, the library is a focal point of campus life



Would-be architects. Students preparing for professions must also take general course on European civilization



THE BARBED PEN OF

Coke

Pronounced "Kó-kay," the nickname applies to one of America's wittiest cartoonists

Carlos Reyes



"Juan Verdejo Larrain," character created by Coke, represents Chilean people



A MAN SHOULD BE ALLOWED to eat his dinner in peace. I was already overwhelmed by the Bankers Club, where I was attending a luncheon, when the awe-inspiring banker seated next to me whispered that he had an important question to ask me after the lecture. The tender filet mignon suddenly tasted like leather, and the solemn words of the speaker seemed to be coming from interstellar space. Imagine the relief to my digestion when the question turned out to be: "Is that amazing magazine *Topaze* still published in Chile?" It certainly was, I told him, and added that it was received by the State Department, the Commerce Department, and many influential U.S. organizations, surely including the FBI, Drew Pearson, and the Ku Klux Klan.

The incident started me thinking seriously of making a study of this unique magazine and its creator. That was how I became friendly with the brilliant artist Jorge Délano Frederick, nicknamed Coke for his fiery wit, who is idolized by a large Chilean public, feared by the inept politicians he has weeded out, and hated by the liars his barbed pen has almost succeeded in banishing from Chile. By itself—let us ignore for the moment his standing as a great journalist, a witty writer, a movie director and producer, and a portrait painter of high repute—this one phase of his career would have sufficed to spread his fame over the skies of America.

"Professor *Topaze*," symbol of magazine, was modeled on hero of French comedy

Now the swift southern winds have borne the echo of Coke's achievements to Columbia University; on October, 9 Dean Carl Ackerman of the School of Journalism placed in his hands the coveted Maria Moors Cabot Prize.

What he did was introduce to Latin American journalism, before *Topaze* a prisoner of the rigidly formal Spanish tradition, the easy, smiling humor that criticizes without wounding and points out paths without taking dogmatic stances. The satirical laugh gets more results than the solemn warning; pranks are more effective than preachments—that is his publishing formula. *Topaze* is never nice to anybody, but neither is it really nasty. It pricks Chilean politicians with sharp irony or refined ridicule, and has deftly wrecked many a career.

The magazine clicked from its first issue, dated August 12, 1931. Small (seven and a half inches by ten and a quarter), with a splashy red-and-black cover, it is devoted mainly to cartoons; the only really serious section is the editorial page. Its philosophy may be summed up like this: *Topaze* must attack all political aspirants without consideration or pity, and not excepting their friends and relatives. Nevertheless, after an election, *Topaze* makes an about-face and lends generous support to the winner. But as soon as the elected official begins to act and to make mistakes, the truce automatically ceases, and the cannons go off with the greatest possible fury and the best possible marksmanship. Juan Verdejo Larraín (the character who symbolizes the public) is the only actor who cannot and should not be molested or censured, for he is the eternal and innocent victim of the professional politicians. Professor Topaze is, and always will be, ready to defend and aid him.

Jorge Délano was born in Santiago on December 4, 1895, the eighth of the ten children of Alfredo Délano, a well-to-do businessman. According to one of his biogra-



As senate president, Arturo Alessandri, "the Lion of Tarapacá," defends cubs—his three sons, then senators—from tiger representing other political parties



Clark Gable as "missing link," sketched during Hollywood visit

phers, Carlos Hamilton, he showed irreverent tendencies from birth. At his christening in the chapel of the National Palace, La Moneda, he dampened the uniform of his uncle and godfather Admiral Jorge Montt, then President of Chile. Some of the guests saw in this behavior a warning to future chiefs of state; as it turned out, Coke's pencil has poked fun at every president of the past forty years.

Our hero was exhibiting signs of a restless and mocking spirit before his seventh birthday. His father used to say in desperation: "I don't know where that child came from; he gives more trouble than the other nine put together. He doesn't even let the maids alone; he frightens them to death at nightfall in a white sheet, pretending to be a ghost. He amuses himself by tying empty cans to our cats' tails, and the noise as the poor maddened beasts run over the pavement is fiendish. He's rebellious and bohemian; if he's not watched he dashes into the street and wanders about like a grown

"Why flirt with old faraway Europe
when I'm so young and near?"
Cartoon drawn for AMERICAS

Délano portrait of ex-President Pedro Aguirre Cerda hangs in council room of government-owned Development Corporation, established during his term



man." Don Alfredo was quite right: in his son's veins ran adventurous blood, inherited from his ancestor Lieutenant Paul Delano of the U.S. navy, who back in 1818 had sailed with Lord Cochrane to fight for Chilean independence. (Through Paul the Délanos of Chile are related to the mother of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In 1942, during Coke's second visit to the United States, President Roosevelt invited him to the White House and presented him with a picture autographed: "From FDR to my dear cousin George.")

Worried, the elder Délano enrolled Jorge in the Naval Academy of Valparaíso, an institution esteemed for its British tradition and system of training. But the young cadet's naval career was very short. Bored with discipline and duty, he feigned insanity; later he staged a fake suicide. The outcome of this masterpiece of dramatic art was a broken nose and expulsion from the academy. Then began a virtual pilgrimage to all the best schools in the capital, where instead of studying he spent his time drawing caricatures of his classmates and professors.

The students at the National Institute, a prep school in Santiago, published a magazine that was printed at the plant of the Zig-Zag publishing house, and in 1910 Délano was appointed art editor without salary. It was not long before the manager of Zig-Zag discovered the spark of genius in Coke's drawings, and hired him at three hundred pesos a month, in those days a fabulous sum for a beardless youth. Feeling as if he had the world at his feet, Coke concluded that it was absurd to go on being subjected to the monotony of student life. First he left school, on the pretext that its high walls were too narrow and unhealthy for his dreams and ambitions; then he left the family home, with its mossy, romantic patios and melancholy cats, because, as he explained to his reproachful parents, its walls also "arrest the free flight of the imagination."

Instead of finding an enchanted palace, with no other obstacles than the movable partitions of his own imagination, he wound up exchanging his sketches and caricatures for a tiny room behind the offices of the magazine *Sucesos*. To appear earnest and solemn, he dressed in severe mourning as he canvassed regularly

(Continued on page 42)

COKE TELLS HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE

CERTAINLY, Hollywood directors can boast of having made some very fine pictures—clearly better than mine. But possibly none of them have had more adventures in the process. If only I could reconstruct them, it would make the best movie of them all. But who can guarantee that while it was being filmed, more strange happenings wouldn't steal the show?

I'll enter the file room of memory and choose at random an old roll of film. The label reads: "EL BOLETO DE LOTERÍA. YEAR 1914." Let's put it into the projector and set it going.

My producer, a French gentleman named Fedier Vallade, who used the profits from his flourishing fabric-import business to finance the building of the first movie studio in Chile, went mad during the filming of my first picture—and naturally could not appreciate its quality. Aware that more than one evil mind is holding me to blame for this misfortune, I must explain its true cause. When World War I broke out in 1914, M. Fedier sent his only son off to the front, thinking that the conflict would not amount to much and would afford the boy a fine pretext for a trip to Europe. But young Fedier fell in his first action, and the news turned his father's brain. The studio was auctioned off, and *El Boleto de Lotería* (The Lottery Ticket) was sold by weight to a manufacturer of celluloid combs.

Let's see what else the projector of memory tells us.

Ten years later I went in on my own with a romantic tale entitled *Juro No Volver a Amar* (I Swear I'll Never Love Again). When the script was finished, I began to realize that besides lacking studio, camera, and laboratory, I hadn't even the money to buy film. I resolved, then, to adopt my father's favorite maxim: "*Querer es poder*" (To want is to be able). Since I wanted, necessarily I would have to be able.

I started by directing my steps to the modest workshop of Luis Pizarro—a humble maker of electric bells, but gifted with mechanical genius and a mania for movies. He unhesitatingly agreed to make the camera for my future superproduction. Surrounding himself with pictures from the catalogue of a well-known movie-camera firm, the patient Pizarrito worked six months in his jumbled workshop, every day showing me with pride a new gear or screw he had lovingly fashioned. Finally our camera was finished and tried. Except for the lenses, all its parts were made in Chile. A group of friends chipped in to buy film. But what about the money for actors and scenery? To top off the complications, the story it had occurred to me to write took place in an atmosphere of refined luxury. The heroine was a girl of high society who lived in a palace and dressed with exquisite elegance. But nothing could stop me now. For days I walked the city, seeking out the most sumptuous mansions. When their owners, who at first took me for a salesman of electric appliances on the installment plan, understood what I wanted, they would shut the door in my face. Oh, well! There's no more thankless position than a pioneer's. But my pressing need led me at last to the palace of Don Horacio Fabres. It was just the set my plot required—a stone castle in the depths of a beautiful park. At my ring, an old gardener came sus-

(Continued on page 44)



**Guaraní Indian villages
established by the Jesuits
in colonial times
were unique experiment
in communal living**

N. Pelham Wright

NOT LONG AGO in Misiones, that narrow neck of Argentine territory wedged between Paraguay and Brazil, I stumbled upon a ruined village so remarkable in layout, architecture, and atmosphere that I was consumed with curiosity. After poking among the ruins, I determined to track down its past, which proved to be even more amazing than I had expected.

My village, it turned out, called San Ignacio Mini, is the last and best-preserved of thirty long-forgotten Jesuit Christian villages—also known as reductions and *doctrinas*—that flourished among the Guaraní Indians in these parts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Argentine architects have coined the word *jesuitico-guaraní* to describe the town plan of these villages. In San Ignacio Mini, for example, the grass-covered plaza, some hundred yards square, is surrounded on the north, east, and west by about thirty parallel blocks of stone buildings, with ten small, one-room dwellings to a block. Though the roofs have disappeared, most of the three-foot-thick walls are still intact, and there are remnants of a continuous arcade running along the front of each block. The public buildings lie on the south side of the plaza, with vertical masonry rising in some places as high as thirty feet from the ground. In the center are the remains of a huge church, finished around 1724. To the

Paradise



lost

right is the old cemetery, to the left the school and the cloistered quarters of the priests. Beyond are other buildings that were doubtless refectory, workshops, and storerooms.

The masonry shows no signs of mortar, the only binding element being a kind of sandy mud. The building material is yellow or red sandstone, from the bed of the nearby Paraná River, that is now beautifully mellowed by the tropical sun. Much of it is richly ornamented with low-relief sculpture, mostly stylized floral designs. It is known that the roofs and supports of all these buildings were constructed first and that the walls were later erected around the supports.

The north-south axis of the built-up area measures about five hundred yards. Behind the public buildings was an extensive citrus orchard, and defense ditches lined the perimeter of the village.

But let's go back to the early seventeenth century, when Asunción, now capital of Paraguay, was the administrative and ecclesiastical center of southern South America. As everywhere else in Spain's vast colonial domain in America, the Church here moved in the wake of conquistadors, explorers, and freebooters. The Franciscan, Dominican, and Benedictine orders were usually in the forefront, and the Jesuits, with their remarkable

flair for converting the heathen (and for making themselves unpopular with the white settlers) followed. Around 1609 or 1610, the Jesuits set up their first missions in that section—among the Guaraní Indians, northeast of Asunción in the region of Guayra, in what is now Brazil. Despite the white colonists' animosity toward the Jesuits, the missions flourished, for the peaceful Guaranís were promising material for conversion. One mission near the confluence of the Paranapanema and Pirapó Rivers was named for the founder of the Society of Jesus and called San Ignacio Mini, *Mini* meaning "lesser," to distinguish it from another settlement known as San Ignacio Guazú, or "the greater."

The leaders of these missions were men of tough mental and moral fiber. Father Antonio Ruiz de Montoya, for example, was the Lima-born son of a Spanish army captain, who after a dissipated early life entered the Jesuit order in 1606, when he was twenty-one. A brilliant scholar, he became an expert on the flora and fauna of the Guayra region, wrote a monograph on *mate* tea, was a competent cartographer, and compiled a dictionary as well as a grammar of the Guaraní language. Two Italian-born priests also played outstanding roles. Father José Cataldino arrived in Guayra in 1609, and devoted himself unsparingly to helping the Indians until he died at eighty-two in San Ignacio Mini. At one time he headed all the Paraguay missions; he also spent some years converting the Indians in Uruguay. With no architectural training, he designed and built the churches at Guayra and elsewhere. Father Simon Mazeta was born in Naples and was assigned to Guayra with Father Cataldino. He also died in the village, at the age of seventy-six, and a book was subsequently written about his exemplary life by a colleague who survived him.

According to the archives, in 1614 there were 119 Jesuits in Paraguay and Guayra, and soon two thousand Indians were living at San Ignacio Mini, where four hundred school children learned Christianity from the

priests. The first baptisms were performed in April 1611. The Jesuits introduced cotton; the Guaranís wove their own clothes and dressed as Europeans, bred cattle, became skilled carpenters, built their own wooden church, lived civilized Christian lives, and were devoted to Fathers Cataldino and Mazeta, who were in charge of the mission.

Meanwhile, three hundred miles east a town had sprung up that was to become the pulsating city of São Paulo. At that time one of the chief activities was slave-dealing, and before long the *bandeirantes*, as they were known, cast a covetous eye on the Jesuits' tame Indians. In 1627 they began a series of ruthless attacks on the isolated Jesuit missions upcountry. Some were wiped out, and by 1632 the priests of Loreto and San Ignacio Mini decided that their position was no longer tenable. Then followed one of the most fantastic exploits recorded in colonial America.

Father Ruiz de Montoya planned a mass evacuation so that the twelve thousand remaining converts might find peace and security elsewhere. Accordingly, seven hundred large rafts were built, each with a superstructure as a protection against the sun, together with a fleet of canoes. One day the whole vast expedition became water-borne, paddling downstream into the unknown from the Paranapanema River into the Paraná. After two days they encountered an extensive stretch of impassable cataracts (probably the Seven Falls of Guayra). Their only choice was to strike out through the impenetrable forests along either shore. After this eight-day ordeal the converts, weakened by fever, had to build new vessels to continue the voyage.

Some 450 miles southwest of the Guayra sites, a new group of reductions was founded, some in what is now Paraguay, others in the southern half of the present Territory of Misiones. San Ignacio Mini was re-established on the banks of a small river called Yabebirí. Sixty-four years later, in 1696, the village moved again, this time only a few miles away, to the place where I found it. It is not clear why the Yabebirí site was unfavorable, but apparently San Ignacio Mini grew very little there, for in 1644 the population numbered only 1,750 souls.

About this time the Jesuits decided to arm their protégés for self-defense. The Guaranís made such excellent soldiers that the civil governors habitually called on them for defense against other Indians, and it is on record that they served with distinction at Asunción, Tucumán, and even as far away as Buenos Aires.

By now the Jesuit theocratic realm consisted of no less than thirty Christian villages, with a combined population of more than a hundred thousand united, prosperous, and vigorous yet gentle Indians engaged in religious pursuits, architecture, the manufacture of certain useful articles, and even printing, under the leadership of a handful of Jesuit fathers (the first printing press in the Río de la Plata Viceroyalty was set up at the village of Loreto).

The Guaraní converts' way of life and the administration of San Ignacio Mini and its sister settlements form



Map indicates route of missions' *hegira* after attacks by slave-hungry *bandeirantes*



Ruins of main entrance to church at San Ignacio Mini. Building area is sixty by twenty-five yards

the basis of a fascinating book by José Manuel Peramás, a priest who left in 1767 after twelve years at the various *doctrinas*. Originally written in Latin and recently translated into Spanish, the book consists chiefly of thirteen biographies of Peramás' companions, but its preface contains a meticulous comparison of conditions in Plato's ideal state and those prevailing in the Christian villages at their zenith.

For example, Plato considered the presence of foreigners a danger to local customs. He believed that only men over forty should be allowed to travel and that if, on returning home, they criticized the local institutions and traditions, they should be put to death. He also stipulated that traveling merchants should be accommodated outside the town so that they would not corrupt the citizens with exotic customs. But any official from another state or city should, of course, be received with full honors.

The Jesuits came under heavy fire from many quarters for keeping strangers away from their reductions, and on this score Peramás wrote a spirited defense of the order. He pointed out that all Spaniards had free access



to any of the six reductions north of the Paraná River, as well as to La Candelaria, south of it. To the remaining villages south of the Paraná, as well as to the seven beyond the Uruguay River, strangers could obtain access only in special circumstances. One reason was that these villages were self-sufficient, requiring no merchandise from outside; another, as Peramás hastens to add, was that had the Spaniards been allowed in, their slaves would have had to be tolerated as well as fugitive Negroes and "mulatto vagabonds," whose presence might have been morally harmful. That merchants and visitors were permitted in the seven special villages was due to the king's having granted all Paraguayans permission to trade freely with this remote region; otherwise their products would have had to be transported tremendous distances. Following the Platonic precept, all visitors from outside, except Spaniards of importance, were accommodated well away from the Indians, and as soon as they completed their business were hastened on their way in a friendly manner.

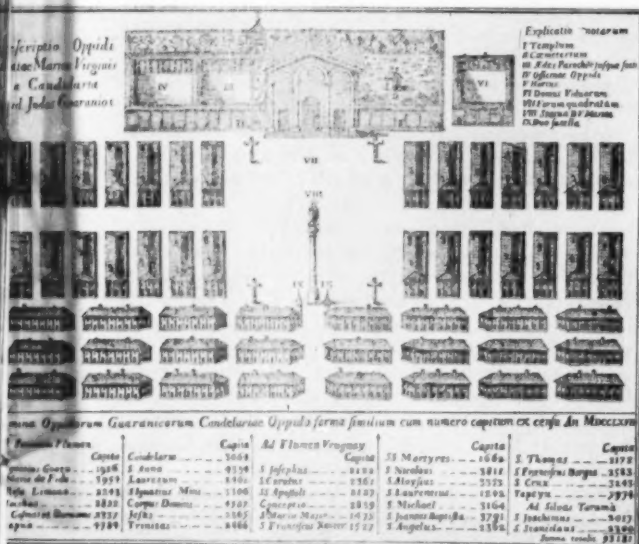
According to Plato, a community should import only what it needs and lacks, and should not export anything required by the citizens for their own use. All trading should take place in a special part of the forum, prices should be clearly marked, and inspectors should check up on the quality of the goods offered. Among the Guaranís, the main export was *mate*, and each village was allowed, by a royal letter patent, to export four hundred arrobas (ten thousand pounds) every year. Limited quantities of cotton cloth and tobacco in excess of village needs were also sent away. Indians from each reduction, with special permits, took the goods downstream, and while they were in Santa Fé or Buenos Aires their fields were tended by the community. The annual tribute to the king and the articles required by the villages were secured in exchange for these exports. The main needs were tools, artists' paints, oil, salt, silk, gold, communion wine, and wax for religious ceremonies. But the Guaranís used no money; all trading was by barter. In this respect they went further than Plato, who advocated limited use of money by masters and employers, for paying their servants and workmen. The Guaranís had neither servants, merchants, nor markets.

To eliminate gluttony, Plato decided that meals should be public and communal, presided over by elders. Wine was reserved for those over eighteen and was recommended as a stimulant for those engaged in strenuous work. The Guaraní custom differed slightly in that families normally ate together in their homes, "modestly and without excess," as Peramás says. The meat ration was distributed to each family from a central store, and this was augmented with fruits and vegetables grown in the fields or gathered in the forests. Dining in public was reserved for special occasions, and for men only. At such meals the menu was more elaborate than usual, but an Indian of prestige presided over every table to insure that decorum prevailed. Peramás says that during the whole of his service among the Guaranís, he never once saw an inebriated Indian. He adds that they seemed quite content with their *mate*.

Sacristy door at San Ignacio Mini, with typical stylized designs in low relief

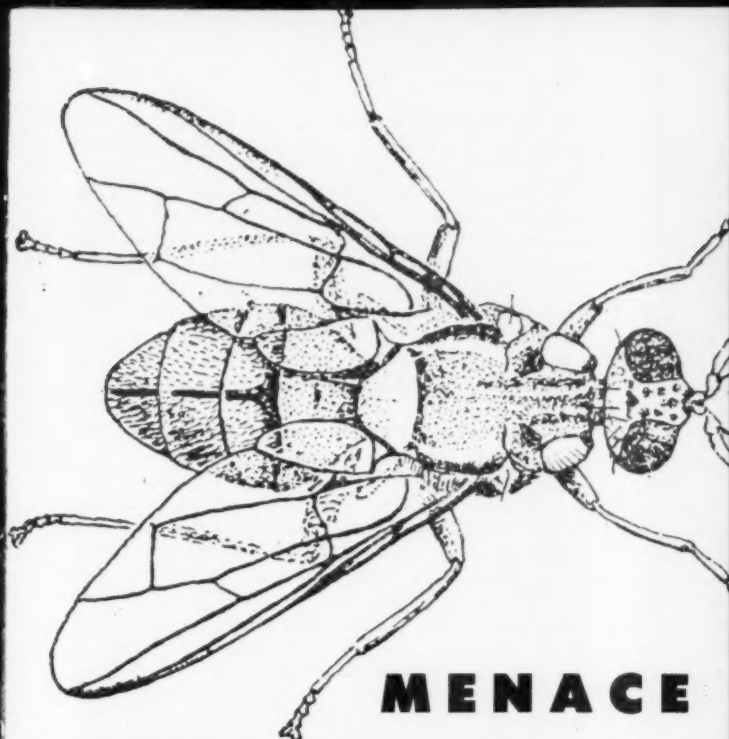
In the reductions the juridical system was that contained in the Laws of the Indies, except that the officials were Indians instead of Spaniards or creoles. As many of the concepts were strange to the Guaranís, the Jesuits had to coin words to describe the various appointments. The senior magistrate or *corregidor* was the *poroquaitara* ("he who orders what is to be done"), and the scribe or clerk, the *quatiapobara* ("he who paints," for painting was the nearest thing to writing among Guaranís in their natural state). Official appointments were scrupu-

(Continued on page 39)



General plan of reductions. (I) church; (II) cemetery; (III) parish house; (IV) village offices; (V) orchard; (VI) widows' and orphans' home; (VII) plaza with (VIII) statue; (IX) two small chapels. Rows of stone buildings in which Indians lived were grouped around plaza





MENACE FROM THE EAST

**Oriental fruit fly
threatens agriculture in the Americas**

Alfonso Varela and George C. Compton

IN THE LAST DAYS of 1944 and the beginning of 1945, U.S. sailors, soldiers, and marines were battling their way from island to island, closing in on a diehard Japan that was soon to go down to defeat in the first flash of the atomic age. From Saipan in the Marianas, as from other Pacific battlefields, men were being shipped back to Hawaii for recuperation or rotation. Some G.I. or ship's cook stocked local fruit for the crossing. And with it he unwittingly carried a stowaway that turned out to be a monster.

It wasn't long before Hawaiian peach crops had been completely destroyed, handsome figs were found to contain only liquid rot, and packers were throwing away half their Vanda orchids because of damage blamed on a new insect pest. It was May 1946 before a specimen was identified in Honolulu as the Oriental fruit fly, although the insect was later proved to have been present on the big southernmost island, Hawaii, the year before. But by the end of 1946 it was comfortably established on all the Hawaiian Islands, voraciously attacking fruits, vegetables, nuts, and even flowers. Puncturing the skin of fruit or vegetable, the female laid its eggs inside—one fly may lay fifteen hundred in her lifetime—and in



*Female Oriental fruit flies laying eggs in papaya;
new pest has ruined Hawaiian fruit crops*

two days the curved, whitish pellets would hatch into crawling maggots that soon reduced the product to a rotten, disintegrating pulp. In this way it ruined crop after crop and brought a new threat to agriculture in the mainland United States and tropical America.

By 1949 Californians were so alarmed that the alert legislature sent a special committee to the islands to study means of checking the menace. It reported extensive damage. Bananas were being infested at harvest time, and therefore were barred from shipment to the mainland. Pineapple growers had not been particularly concerned at first, because the flies seemed to attack only split or overripe fruit that would be discarded in the field anyway. But soon they found that the punctures made by the flies let in rot spores, which ruined many fruits. In one field the legislators found 39 per cent of the pineapples rotted. Infested citrus fruits convinced them that the Oriental fruit fly would be one of the worst pests ever to attack California groves if it became established there. Many watermelon growers resorted to covering each newly formed melon with a piece of newspaper, and to dusting repeatedly with DDT. Losses and higher expenses were reported in raising tomatoes,

papayas, avocados, and other crops. Some cotton plantings were damaged, and even coffee was attacked. While the maggots do not eat the coffee bean itself, they may cause premature ripening and heavy fruit dropping. The attractive red berries are a major hazard because of their souvenir appeal to tourists and their small size, which makes them hard to find in baggage inspection.

The flies multiplied in Hawaii at a fantastic rate, because they found abundant wild hosts and were free from the traditional enemies that had kept them in check in other lands. The guava trees that grow wild in gulches and on hillsides all over the islands offered fruit nurseries to the pests almost all year round. If a planter got rid of flies in a field by spraying, a new batch could saunter out from the woods to take their places. It may be that the terrific population pressure built up was responsible for the flies' attacking over a hundred varieties of plants, many of which might otherwise have been untouched. Mangoes, for example, are rarely infested in Guam, where there are no abundant wild host fruits to encourage fly overpopulation, but were considered a total loss in Hawaii unless a bag was placed over each developing fruit to keep the flies off. Flies were even seen laying eggs in a fence post and on a research worker's finger in Hawaii.

Local and federal officials, scientists, and farmers promptly attacked the problem from many sides. Hawaii had been through something like this twice before. The melon fly put a sudden end to a thriving business in 1897, and it still makes growing watermelons, squash, or tomatoes a very difficult and costly venture there. The Mediterranean fruit fly appeared in 1910, doing much damage to citrus and other fruit plantings. Because of these and other pests, federal quarantines barred most Hawaiian fruits and many vegetables from the mainland.

Now, with the identification of the new villain, the embargo was extended to include bananas, and special regulations were applied to other crops. Under quarantine provisions, no fresh fruits or vegetables can be shipped to the mainland without inspection and certification that they are free of the pests. Species known to be infested can travel only after being disinfected by approved methods.

Under present rules, papayas, bell peppers, Italian squash, tomatoes, and pineapples can qualify if they are given a vapor-heat treatment in which they are kept at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit for nearly nine hours. Avocados, bell peppers, bitter melons, Cavendish bananas, cucumbers, papayas, pineapples, string beans, and zucchini can be shipped after fumigation with ethylene dibromide. Fumigation was originally required for Vanda orchid blooms also, but that was found unnecessary since the flies cannot mature in the flowers. Refrigeration for fifteen days at a temperature of 33 degrees offers equal protection, but this method has not been used with Hawaiian produce. On long hauls, such treatment can be given en route, as has been done with grapes on refrigerated ships from Spain and Argentina for Mediterranean fruit fly control, but shipping time between Hawaii and California is too short for this,

and the fruit must be picked too ripe for such a period of storage. Quick-frozen produce is considered safe so far as the danger of fruit-fly transmission is concerned.

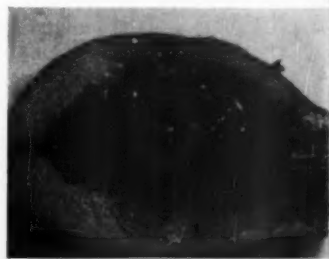
Of course, even though these treatments prevent the introduction of live larvae to the mainland, they cannot improve fruit that is badly affected. If there are many maggots in it, it will rot anyway and be unmarketable. If you unknowingly consume the remains of one or two it won't hurt you—entomologists assure us that we all eat more tiny insects with our meals than we would ever suspect, without ill effects (and some people, Mexicans, for example, find fried caterpillars delicious).

For Hawaii, the problem is principally damage to its own food supply. With so much of the land devoted exclusively to sugar or pineapples, the territory doesn't produce enough of most fruits and vegetables for its own use. But for countries with large fruit exports, the question of U.S. entry can be vital. Quarantine provisions would, of course, be extended to any other infested area.

While trade was being controlled to keep the flies from spreading, University of Hawaii scientists, the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, the Territorial Board of Agriculture and Forestry, the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association Experiment Station, and the Pineapple Research Institute cooperated in studies of the insect's habits and a worldwide search for natural enemies to prey upon it.

The fly itself, officially known as *Dacus dorsalis*, resembles an ordinary house fly, but is slightly longer and brightly marked. After the eggs hatch, the destructive larvae may mature in as little as seven days. Then

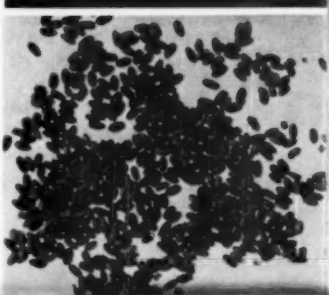
Typical damage: papaya is rotting because it is infested with Oriental fruit fly larvae



In larval or maggot stage, the flies spend week destroying host fruit . . .



. . . then form hard-shelled pupae like these under soil, emerging in twelve days as adult flies





These insects are not the pest but nature's best answer to it: parasites whose larvae devour fruit fly eggs



At airport check station, quarantine inspector looks for insect damage in fruit shipment

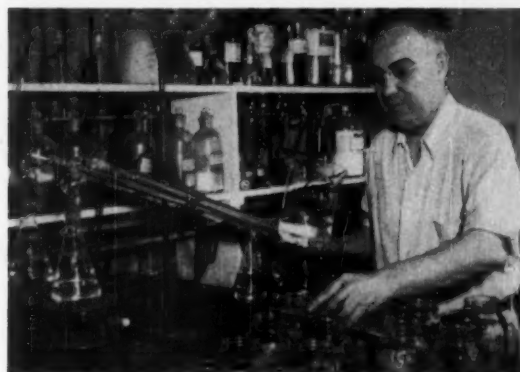
they drop to the ground or crawl out of fallen fruit and bury themselves in the soil—changing into hard-shelled pupae—which makes it necessary to forbid carrying soil from the islands to the mainland, too. In about twelve days, the adult flies emerge from the shells, and in another two weeks they are ready for mating and depositing their eggs. Temperature conditions cause considerable variations in the lengths of these stages. Average life as an adult is two to four months, but some have survived a year in cool weather.

In the search for natural enemies, men combed the Philippines, Malaya, India, Africa, Australia, and Brazil for parasites that would attack *Dacus dorsalis*. They rushed pupae of various fruit flies, containing parasites, by air in special containers to the Pineapple Research Institute's quarantine room in Honolulu. There the parasites were hatched, bred, and checked to make sure that they had no dangerous tendencies of their own and that they would prey on the local pests. Then they were released to go to work. Most of the parasites used have been small insects of the genus *Opius*. They lay their eggs in the holes made by the Oriental fruit flies, and their larvae devour the eggs or larvae of the original tenants. Another type of harassment was provided by beetles that eat the fruit-fly pupae in the soil.

Naturally, it was a big job to get the parasites established and multiplying fast enough to have a real effect on the enormous fly population, but by the end



Repeated spraying is still required for many crops in Hawaii, despite reduction in islands' fruit fly population



Chemist determines effectiveness of spraying, checking amount of insecticide remaining on sample fruit

of 1950 these experiments were paying off. The number of flies had dropped a great deal, as evidenced by the daily catch in eleven widely separated fly traps. This averaged 1,640 cubic centimeters in August 1949, and 1,540 in September (with about thirty flies per cc.), but since then has never passed 395, averaging 214. Studies of guava reveal fewer maggots in the fruit, but infestation is still serious, and frequent spraying is necessary for successful production of many crops.

If this lowly creature ever made itself at home in California, Mexico, or Central America, it could wreak havoc on the economies of those and perhaps even wider areas, for once established on continental territory it could easily spread overland. One rotten apple could just about spoil a hemisphere's barrel. Vigilance is needed at ports up and down the coast, because the authorities in Hawaii cannot prevent foreign ships from taking on dangerous produce as ship's stores or cargo for foreign delivery. Australia and New Zealand have shown their eagerness to avoid Hawaii's plight by agreeing to pay for preinspection in Hawaii of any produce bound for their territory. A U.S. Department of Agriculture technician has made a survey of the danger of fly introduction through shipping for the Government of Panama, and will go on to the Central American countries, beginning with Costa Rica. But quarantine enforcement must be tightened up in that area if this winged scourge is to be locked out. ♦ ♦ ♦



Styled in Brazil

"OURS ALONE" is well on its way to becoming a by-word in Brazil to describe a new and dramatic line of clothes for women. For Brazilians this year discovered that they have all the trappings for launching a really exclusive high-fashion industry.

It all started with a party given by Jacques Fath at the Château de Corbeville in Paris to introduce *seridó* textiles made from cotton grown in northeastern Brazil. Instigated by Assis Chateaubriand, owner of a string of Brazilian newspapers, the presentation made an enormous hit. Subsequently the famous French couturier arrived in Rio with creations built around Brazilian textiles.

Then a group interested in the matter from an artistic viewpoint took over. Should Brazil, they asked, continue to depend on French fashions when climate, taste, and customs strongly suggest the need for national autonomy in this field? So far, it had been ridiculous even to think about it, since the textile industry was still too young. But now the industry had surged far enough ahead to support the idea.

São Paulo's Museu de Arte, a school built around a museum rather than strictly a museum, promptly set up a fashion department, made possible through the generosity of Casa Mappin, a São Paulo department store. For two months designers and painters worked feverishly to create well-cut styles with line, color, and design derived solely from typical Brazilian motifs. They discovered that the Brazilian couturier has unlimited sources of inspiration to draw on.

Painter Roberto Burle Marx, prime mover in this genuinely Brazilian artistic trend, designed a series of prints that caused a sensation when they were shown. He adapted his extraordinary and striking motifs from

the country's flora, fauna, landscape, and architectural traditions. Roberto Sambonet, a professor at the Museu de Arte, with an eye to the industrial possibilities, carried his work as far as actual dressmaking.

Dozens of companies sympathized with the scheme and encouraged it—textile factories, artisans, dyers, button factories, shoemakers, all cooperated to produce the necessary materials. The most significant contribution came from the museum's own textile school. All the fabrics were produced there, hand-loomed from cotton, silk, plastics, raffia, and unconventional raw materials that had never before been tried. A course for models was inaugurated, with a current enrollment of sixty. Ten of the girls were chosen to model the gowns.

Paulistas still talk of the fabulous evening last year when the Museu de Arte presented a fashion pageant that ranged from antique Renaissance and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century costumes up to a dress designed by Salvador Dali. All were then donated to the museum's costume collection. Also highlighted was a masterful group of Christian Dior models worn by four top Parisian mannequins. But in September this year the museum staged another, far more original show, brightened by its Juvenile Symphony Orchestra, to present sixty strictly Brazilian creations for spring-into-summer wear (it's spring in September in Brazil).

The Museu de Arte is the first museum in the world to undertake this type of activity, which was designed primarily to call attention to the possibilities of turning out Brazilian fashions on an industrial scale. If the idea catches on, clotheshorses abroad may supplement their two-thousand-dollar Paris gowns with sleek, custom-made creations from Brazil. ♦ ♦ ♦



Shawl accompanying slim white evening dress is of matching cotton appliquéd with tufts of ermine

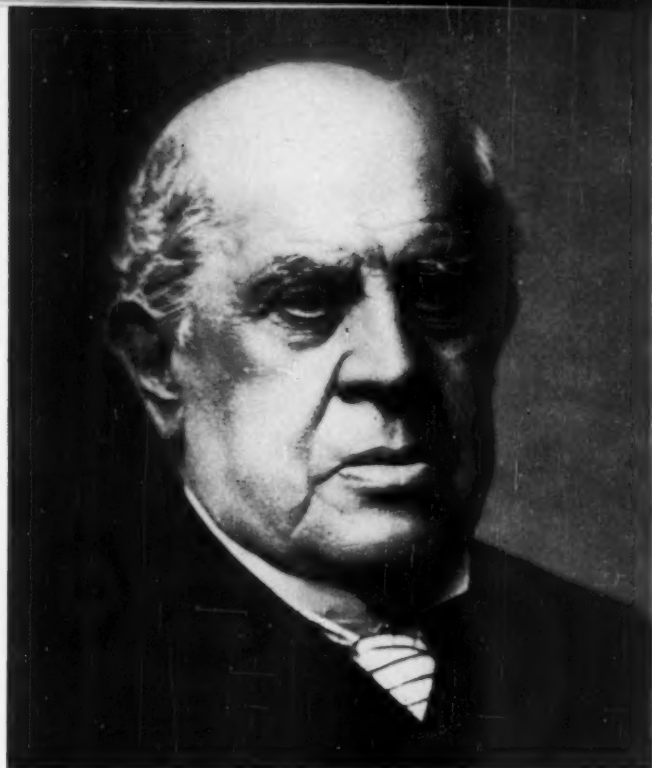
One of unusual hand-woven fabrics produced by Museu de Arte's textile school: red-and-white cotton and raffia



Brown-and-black print designed by artist-architect Roberto Burle Marx is based on Marajo Island motif

Waterproof gray coat and skirt. Clothes are displayed by students at modeling school run by museum





SARMIENTO

the writer

Enrique Anderson Imbert

"WE MUST MAKE the whole republic a school," said Argentina's Domingo Faustino Sarmiento. With good reason the Pan American conference of educators that met in Panama in 1943 named September 11, anniversary of Sarmiento's death, the Day of the American Teacher. For while he won during the course of his lifetime the whole range of honors the citizen of a nation can aspire to, he was proudest of his role in promoting education.

Extended trips through Europe and the United States helped mold Sarmiento's pedagogical theories. His motto was "Educate the sovereign"—the sovereign people of the democracies—and he considered the primary school the cornerstone of a nation's political organization. He wanted schools that were compulsory, free, tolerant, liberal, independent of the church, at the service of national growth. The Massachusetts educator Horace Mann, whom Sarmiento knew personally and admired all his life, was his guide. The U.S. educational system

was his model, and Sarmiento brought U.S. teachers to Argentina and put them in charge of the first normal schools. To improve teaching methods he published textbooks, spellers, instruction manuals, pamphlets, articles. He studied every pedagogical problem down to the smallest detail, always retaining the full picture: primary education in relation to the country's moral, political, and economic welfare. He founded schools and libraries. He proposed the education of women to improve their position in the home and in society. He inspired the great 1884 law on lay education. An apostle of popular education, he struggled against routine, sectarian interests, indifference, and a chronic shortage of money. "I am no writer," he used to say. "I am only a school-teacher." Yes, he was a teacher—one of the greatest in the history of America. But he was more than that.

He was born in San Juan, Argentina, on February 15, 1811, the son of José Clemente Sarmiento, who fought in the wars for independence, and Paula Albarracín,

both natives of San Juan and descendants of old Spanish families that had settled there in colonial times. There was little money, and Domingo was not able to attend school regularly. In 1829 he joined the Centralist political faction, fought in the civil wars, and had to flee to Chile. He returned to the fray in San Juan in 1830, and was again forced to emigrate to Chile (1831-36). Back in San Juan in 1839, he established a secular high school for girls and launched his journalistic career by founding *El Zonda*. Then he ran into more difficulties and toward the end of 1840 left once again for Chile, this time for a stay of many years. There he cooperated with the conservative oligarchy, edited a number of periodicals, took part in some important debates on language and romanticism, organized a normal school in Santiago, and wrote his best work: *Facundo, Viajes* (Travels), *Recuerdos de Provincia* (Provincial Memories), *Educación Popular*.

To understand this first period in Sarmiento's life, the political situation of the times must be taken into account. During the process of winning Argentine independence, which began in 1810, all the revolutionaries were united in their desire to win the war against Spain, but they disagreed violently on the organization of the new country. This difference of opinion was based on both economic and ideological considerations. The Buenos Aires faction, which dominated the intellectual circles in a few other cities, was schooled in the principles of the Enlightenment and claimed the right to impose a utopian democracy. The interior towns and the rural population, steeped in colonial tradition, held out instinctively for regional autonomy. The clash between these two groups threw the country into anarchy. Between 1820 and 1826 the provinces made their own law, laid down by their *caudillos* (local military leaders). Buenos Aires' last attempt to establish a unified regime ended with the fall of Rivadavia in 1827. The Federalists triumphed over the Centralists. Then in 1835 Juan Manuel de Rosas came to power, brought the provincial *caudillos* under his authority as feudal lord of Buenos Aires, and ruled the country without a constitution for almost twenty years.

Rosas called himself a Federalist, but he wasn't one; and he opposed as Centralists those who were merely advocating representative democracy. "Federalist" and "Centralist" had become battle cries rather than expressions of doctrine. Realizing this, a new generation, a group calling itself the Association of May 1838, looked for another way out. Echeverría, Alberdi, López, Gutiérrez, Mitre, and other exiles wanted to promote the country's progress—and in this they were the successors of the Illuminists of Rivadavia's era—retaining at the same time the nature, social dispositions, and customs of the people. Thus they embraced the beliefs of the German historical school (Herder, Savigny), as they knew it through the French.

When a group of young men who had studied in Buenos Aires returned to San Juan in 1838 with the books then in vogue—those of Lerminier, Leroux, Cousin, Sismondi, Saint-Simon, Jouffroy, Guizot—Sarmiento was influenced by the ideas they contained. But in his case

that romantic philosophy of history became thoroughly fused with his sense of the historic meaning of his own life. He felt that he and the country were the same creature, engaged in a historic mission that was part of the process of civilization. That is why his writings on problems of state have a peculiarly autobiographical tone.

In his first autobiography, *Mi Defensa* (1843), forged in Chile as a weapon ("I need a reputation so I can offer it to society"), Sarmiento portrayed himself as engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the poverty, backwardness, ignorance, violence, injustice, and anarchy of his times. The light of his phrases was refracted in two streams, one revealing the force of the creative will, the other, the inertia of adverse circumstances. The reader soon realizes that this has a philosophical meaning, expressing the conflict between spirit and matter, freedom and necessity, history and nature, progress and tradition. And, in fact, when Sarmiento went on from explaining his own personal life to interpreting the public life of Argentina, the confidences of *Mi Defensa* were transformed into a political formula: "Civilization and Barbarism."

Civilización y Barbarie: Vida de Juan Facundo Quiroga (1845) is not a history or a biography or a novel or a book on sociology. It is a vision of his country seen by a young man anxious to act from within as a transforming force. "The trouble with Argentina is its size," he said. The cities are small islands of civilization;



Cartoon by Stein that appeared in *El Mosquito* in 1887 pictures Sarmiento directing serenade by political orchestra



El Mosquito caricature published February 18, 1888, pokes fun at Don Domingo's vanity by picturing him as operetta hero

the pampa surrounds them and laps at them like a sea of barbarism. From the plains come the gauchos, knife in hand; they are only unpolished manifestations of nature, without historical influence. It is the men of the city who bring progress to civilization.

In this setting, with these actors, wrote Sarmiento, the political drama has taken place in two acts since 1810: first, the revolution and the winning of independence, involving a struggle between European and liberal ideas, which were firmly established in the cities, and the absolutism of a Spain that was still ruling by the weight of tradition but was no longer intellectually creative; second, a period of anarchy, because hordes that resented the cultured cities rose up from the country's endless plains. Argentina, said Sarmiento, is dominated by somber figures like Juan Facundo Quiroga and Juan Manuel de Rosas. Once Facundo was dead, Rosas had to be destroyed. But that would not be enough. After all, Rosas was only an incarnation of the barbarian environment. It was the environment itself that must be changed. Then the author addressed himself to the public and proposed a program of national reconstruction: public education, immigration, and technical-economic progress.

This dialectic was so simple that Sarmiento himself found it inadequate and proceeded to complicate it throughout the book with paradoxes, shortcuts, and qualifications that contradicted his thesis. The plains were not so barbarian, the cities were not so civilized. Esthetically, Sarmiento approved of the gaucho customs he condemned from a political point of view. "Facundo and I are kindred spirits," he once said. And the intellectual gaucho that was Sarmiento ("I am a bush-scholar," he said on another occasion) was profoundly sympathetic with the other gaucho, the real one, Facundo, his brother Cain. In Sarmiento's dynamic conception of the struggle going on in his country—"civilization versus barbarism"—the terrible shadow of Facundo acquired artistic power because it was not a rhetorical subject but a pathetic presence in his mind. From this point of view, Facundo was a fanciful creation of Sarmiento. He impresses us as a living personality precisely because what gives him life is the author's imagination. The exaggerated strokes with which Sarmiento paints Facundo's guilt, lewdness, and primitive nature do not reflect simply a desire to defame him for political reasons, but also the fact that for Sarmiento, the romanticist, all nature, including Facundo, trembled with something fascinating, awesome, catastrophic; and when Sarmiento faced the horrible mystery of barbarism he injected a feeling of melodrama into his work. Just the same his Facundo, however fantastic and exaggerated, was real. Later investigations have corrected the details of the picture; Sarmiento even corrected himself several times. But what he saw in 1845 was the essence of the situation.

Sarmiento's literary talents were revealed in *Facundo* and became even more evident in his next work, *Viajes*, in which the pleasure of telling the story prevailed over political motives. Between 1845 and 1848 he traveled in Europe, Africa, and the Americas, studying primary

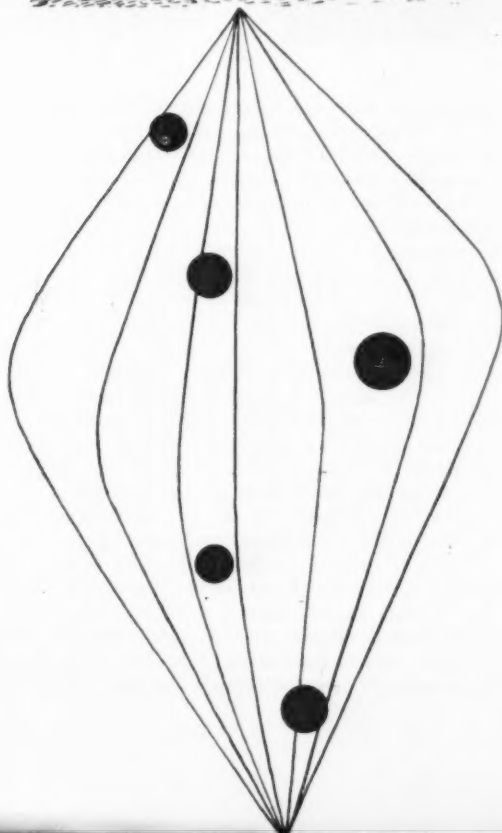
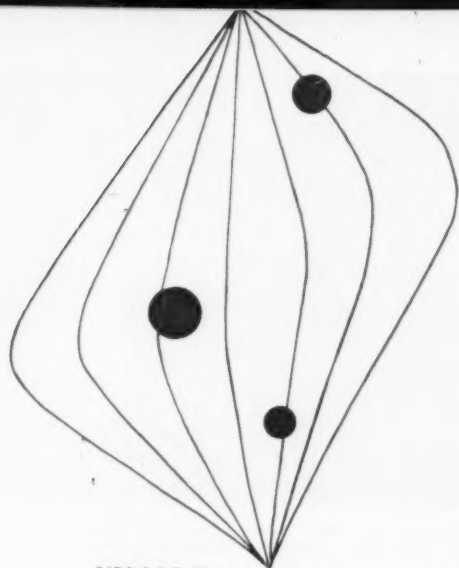
education in the big nations and colonizing methods in Algeria for the Chilean government. *Viajes* is a collection of the letters he sent to his friends from all the places he visited. They are so imaginative that they are rated as some of the best Spanish prose of the period. The reader is continually surprised by the keenness of the observations, which serve as huge canvases of the customs and landscapes of France, Spain, Africa, Italy, the United States. Even more surprising than the observations is the man who made them. In none of his other books does Sarmiento reveal himself so completely—his enthusiasms and discouragements, his prophetlike solemnity and his sense of humor. Since he thinks of himself as an actor in the world he is describing, the letters are like fragments of a novel. In addition, they contain an implicit philosophy of history. He had a gift not only for metaphor, which allowed him to express his deepest thoughts in concrete terms, but also for abstraction—that is, for deriving the universal out of the particular. On the road of civilization, Sarmiento tells us, nations run, they tire, they sit down in the shade to doze, or hurl themselves forward with the desire to get there ahead of others. They are like people. And what matters is not what they have been in the past, but the impulse that drives them. Sarmiento was disappointed with Europe, which he considered too quiet; as a model of civilization he proposed the United States, which was advancing with gigantic strides and which promised political freedom and economic prosperity.

On his return from his travels, Sarmiento put his pedagogical ideas into a book, *Educación Popular* (1849); and in *Argirópolis* (1850) he drew up a plan for a federal organization of the River Plate. While these are important for study of him as a statesman, neither book has the value of *Recuerdos de Provincia* (1850).

These memoirs are a continuation of *Mi Defensa*. But eight supremely intense years had passed. His travels through Europe and the United States had given him a good perspective for understanding Spanish America. Now he was more of a man, more of a writer. He was conscious of his mission, and he addressed audiences that were to outlive him. His style was more personal. He wrote the *Recuerdos* not only because of the political need to answer Rosas' calumnies with a more flattering self-portrait but for the pleasure of giving himself over to memories. He looked around him and saw a procession in progress—the march of civilization in Argentina. He walked amid the multitude. And what a joy it was for him to recognize that mass of people, all driven by the same good wind, as his family! He lived not only the life of an individual but the life of his people, of humanity, of God himself, for to him history was the unfolding of a divine plan.

In 1851 he left Chile to join Urquiza's army, which defeated Rosas at the battle of Caseros in 1852 and inaugurated a new cycle in Argentine history: organization. Disillusioned with Urquiza, whom he was unable to understand, Sarmiento left Argentina to conspire against him. In a letter written from Rio de Janeiro to

(Continued on page 30)



José Gómez Sicre

ONE OF THE FEW TIMES I have seen the tropics conquered was during a week's visit in Puerto Rico recently. That is, I witnessed a defeat of those things the people consider negative and a barrier to progress in the tropics. In Puerto Rico, idleness is a stranger. And it is unheard-of in the cultural field.

The impression this beautiful West Indian island gives to the traveler interested in the cultural development of America is that nobody rests on his laurels there. Its culture, evident at every social level, does not exhaust itself in useless exuberance, nor does it delight in the superfluous. Neither does it indulge in a self-defeating static expression or in sterile imitation according to the



Militant figure of St. James the Apostle is example of Puerto Rican popular art. From Alegria collection

dictates of foreign fashion. There is something genuine and profound in the artistic expression of those delightful people who wander about placidly, enjoying nature and life in the sensuous Latin way and at the same time bursting with vital energy and orderliness in their daily tasks.

Fifty years of inoculation with Anglo-Saxon culture have not dulled the Puerto Rican's fantasy and imagination. On the contrary, they have brought him a certain amount of very useful pragmatism. Yet this contact has not reduced in any way the Spanish character of the island, an element that is constantly perceived in every corner and in every attitude. A few years ago I heard Gabriela Mistral say that Puerto Rico was one place in America where the good Spanish of Spain was still spoken. That is noticeable immediately, in spite of the fact that a large part of the population is bilingual. The island's purely Spanish character shows up above all in what these people create.

Quite apart from their products, the growing number of organizations devoted to stimulating creative activity is evidence of the islanders' intellectual ferment. Add to



Façade design of Caribe-Hilton Hotel shows how architects captured light and space for every room



Crucifix of glass on wood in nave of ultra-modern Cataño church is work of Father Maas, decorator of several island churches

Little church of San Martín in Cataño was cheap to build. Experts consider it step forward in contemporary religious art with its neat planes, simple interior



Striking murals in Caribe-Hilton Hotel were work of José A. Torres-Martín (pictured) and Julio Rosado del Valle

this the fact that the people of Puerto Rico read. The shops sell books and magazines in abundance. The material that overflows the merchants' tables and showcases is not for mere amusement. There are enough titles on philosophy, history, sociology, and art to justify the inference that, with so abundant an offering, there must be an adequate demand for those branches of learning.

In the field of creative art, the island is a veritable crucible where styles and trends are being fused. The intellectual climate assimilates and unifies them. For example, three local architects, Osvaldo Toro, Miguel Ferrer, Jr., and Luis Torregrosa, together with the mainland firm of Charles Henry Warner and Harold Eliot Leeds, have produced a work of the first rank, the Caribe-Hilton Hotel. The principles of an international style predominate in this vigorous structure, but the designers have made the most of the marine setting to preserve a definite island flavor. The building is oriented to give every room an ocean view, while a clever use of glass adds to the illusion of outdoor living.

A German-American architect, Henry Klumb, is also applying his magnificent creative ideas in full-scale works that are helping to give roots to a Caribbean architectural style. Among various notable buildings, I want

especially to point to a totally modern little church that opened in the town of Cataño during my visit. Klumb has made intelligent use of open spaces so that the surrounding vegetation blends with the linear austerity of the small nave. The magnificent sense of proportion of the neat interior planes, the lighting, and the simple furnishing are proof that a work of art can be achieved with the most rigid economy. Aside from its intrinsic beauty by the highest standards of modern architecture, this little church dedicated to Saint Martin displays, as the only work on the altar, a crucifix of glass on wood done by a Dutch priest, Father Marcolino Maas. It portrays a strongly subjective Christ anguished and twisted on an almost formless block of wood that takes the place of the Cross. On the wall opposite the altar, the Puerto Rican painter Narciso Dobal has executed a decoration that complements the austere spirit of the surroundings. Without any doubt, this temple marks a step forward in contemporary religious art.

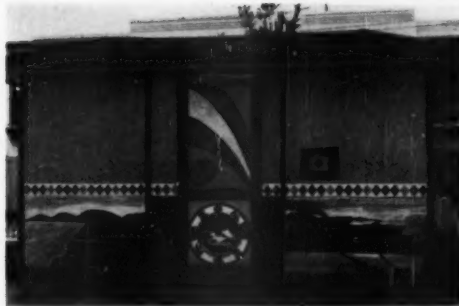
Father Marcolino has other works in various churches planned with similar intent. In the chapel of the Governor's Palace, he has done a mural in mosaic with a strong Byzantine influence. Without attempting an analysis of the work of this restless priest, I must comment on his crusade to improve taste in religious art, so fre-



Spanish surrealist Eugenio Fernández Granell teaches painting to both foreign and local students at University of Puerto Rico



Right: Painter Narciso Dobal works on murals for the church of San Martín, designed by architect Henry Klumb



Puerto Rican artists express themselves everywhere—even on the sides of vending stands like this one in a country town in the interior

quently dulled by the "calendar" school of art.

Not long ago, the Puerto Rican Art Center was founded in the heart of San Juan by a vigorous group of local painters, including José A. Torres-Martín, Julio Rosado del Valle, Lorenzo Homar, Rafael Tufiño, and Félix Rodríguez. The first two are responsible for the impressive murals in the Caribe-Hilton. All are concerned with creating an art grounded in the modern trends that will interpret their surroundings. Eager to serve the new generation and to encourage future artists, the Puerto Rican Art Center offers periodic exhibitions, lectures, and classes for children, and it recently published a portfolio of engravings by its artists.

For its part, the University of Puerto Rico has on its teaching staff the Spanish painter Eugenio Fernández Granell, exponent of a formalist surrealism, who is more concerned with plastic values than with telling a story. Granell, once active in the Dominican Republic and Guatemala but now a full-fledged *borinqueño*, has a large number of pupils, both Puerto Rican and foreign, doing abstract and surrealist painting that is making its weight felt all over the island.

The university's department of archeology has a small museum. In a limited space and on a tight budget, it aims at presenting clearly the cultural development of

this land, beginning with the Taino Indians. Its pre-Columbian collection, assembled with excellent taste by the young Harvard archeologist and ethnologist Ricardo Alegría, has pieces of primary importance. The pottery, carved stone, and wood are displayed with extraordinary skill. Professor Alegría personally directs excavations and research in the popular arts and in folklore. He also records the results of his findings on film, depicting such customs as the local people making saints' images used in religious festivals or doing the traditional Negro folk dance of La Loiza. Noteworthy, too, is his splendid collection of Taino *cemies*, the Indians' peculiar triangle-shaped sculpture.

One by one, I examined the island's focal points of artistic activity, almost all made up of young people. I saw that raw group of Puerto Ricans struggling systematically, restlessly, toward self-improvement. Suddenly it dawned on me that tropical indolence had been conquered. If we examine this victory carefully, we find that it is largely due to the coexistence for half a century of two diverse cultures. To analyze the particulars is a job for the sociologist. For my part, and without fear of error, I daresay that because of its bicultural heritage, Puerto Rican art is about to take over a commanding position in the cultural panorama of America. ♦ ♦ ♦

CITY

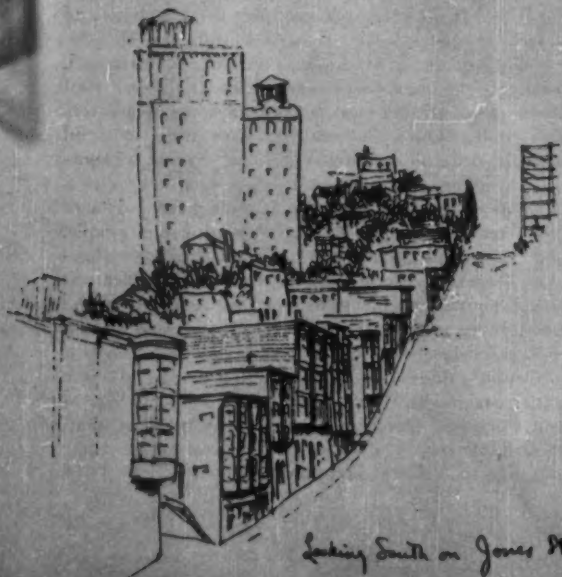
BY THE GOLDEN GATE

Francis Violich

Illustrations by James Keilty

WE SAN FRANCISCANS habitually refer to our forty-six square miles of water-bound, mountain-studded, traffic-choked, building-jammed peninsula as "the city." Similarly, the two million shoppers and commuters from the eight neighboring bay counties rarely call it "San Francisco," never that distasteful "Frisco," generally simply "the city." Even longtime residents of Los Angeles, some four hundred miles south, and Portland, almost seven hundred miles north, reserve the word "city" for San Francisco alone.

It seems to be the grace with which it wears its city qualities that makes most outlanders—particularly those specialists in cities, architects, city planners, writers,



Looking South on Jones St.

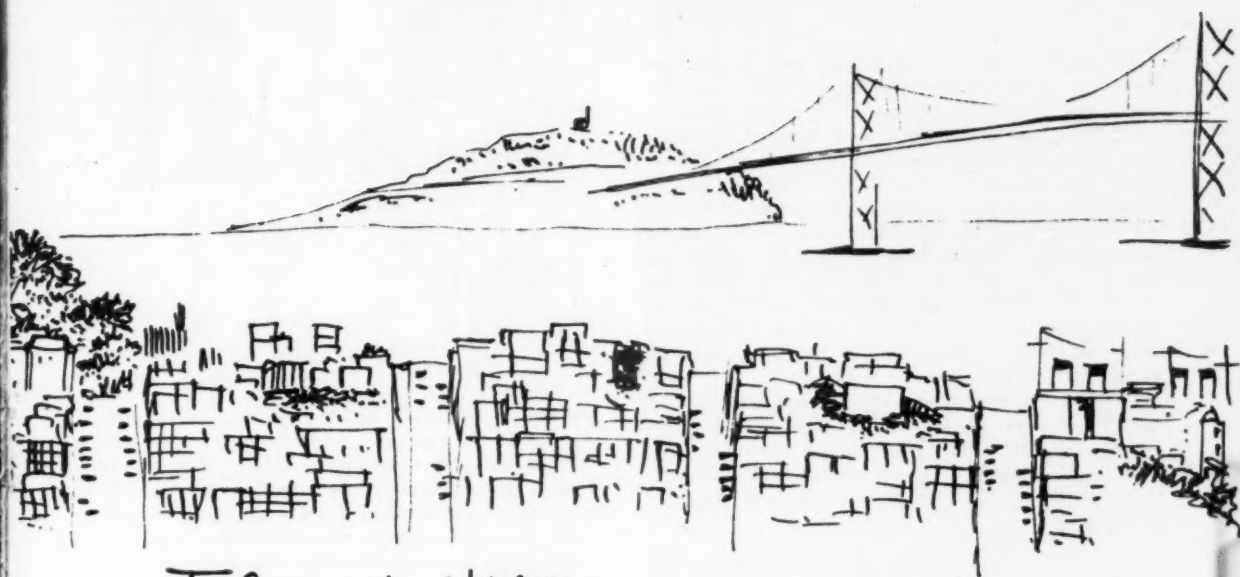


San Antonio St.
Telegraph Hill

painters, designers—fall in love with San Francisco at first sight. One Swedish architect who had spent several months traversing the face of the U.S.A. told me the only time he felt at home in any American city was during his two days in San Francisco. All the other towns were too big, too small, too hectic, or too dull.

As for the San Franciscan, let him spend a year in Latin America, as I did some time ago, and he returns to find that his city has lost none of its glamour, that it still holds its own with Rio de Janeiro's spectacular beauty, with Montevideo's sense of well-being, with Buenos Aires' cosmopolitan air. Six months in Europe, and the San Franciscan comes back with the realization that neither Paris, Naples, nor Marseilles outshines his home town.

What gives it the special appeal that delights both native and visitor? What makes San Francisco "different"? Is it the unique setting, the clean, fresh climate, the dynamic citizens who have known a rampant and

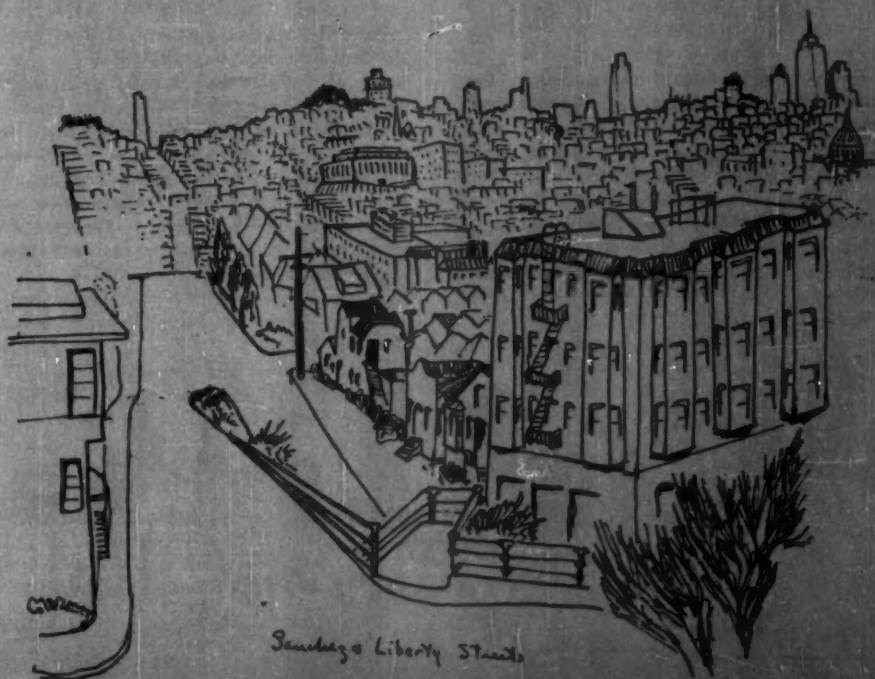


Telegraph Hill

boisterous past? More than from any one of these, the city gets its flavor from a rich blend of ingredients.

When I'm away, it's the characteristic sounds and smells I remember vividly: foghorns, wind blustering round the hard corners of buildings, the cooing of the pigeons in the Civic Center (though they've tried for years, city officials can't drive them out), the fragrance of China lilies on Grant Avenue in spring, the pungency of the salt air down around the docks.

Sightseers carry away more obvious impressions; their surprise at finding Suto Forest's hundreds of acres of undeveloped land in the midst of the city. Or memories of the romantic waterfront, where transient seafarers from Yugoslavia, Sweden, and Australia mingle in crowded bars and cheap restaurants. Early risers may remember the bustling wholesale produce district; there before dawn the workers build boxwood bonfires on the street corners to cut the thick fog with warmth as they



San Diego Liberty Streets

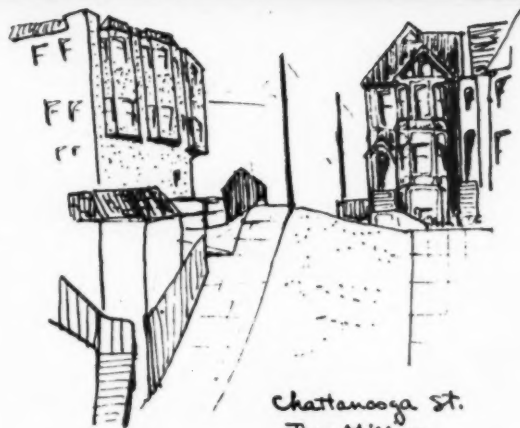
await trucks of lettuce from Salinas, watermelons from Turlock, and seafood from Fisherman's Wharf. The fishing center of San Francisco, where Italian fishermen string their boat masts with colored lights on Christmas Eve, is an area of real nostalgia. High above, on Telegraph Hill, are the teetering Victorian houses loved by artists and architects, accessible by rickety steps and leaning balconies. By contrast, down on the other side, the stolid façades of the financial district stand starkly treeless, windswept, enduring. Then there's the excitement of the hotel, theater, and shopping district, with its smartly dressed women, visitors from many lands, and the inevitable flower stands bulging the year round with blooms of every description.

I am of the opinion that the physical makeup of a city, its location, shape, and form, largely determines the life you find there. Certain places, it seems to me, attract certain kinds of people and in turn mold their character. So it is with San Francisco's special brand of urbanite.

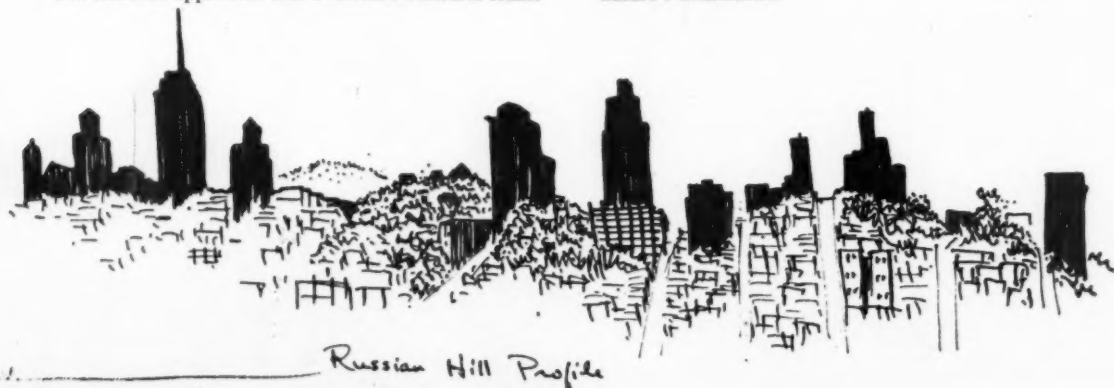


We have the vast Pacific Ocean, for example, mother of exotic foreign ports with a heritage of ancient cultures. We have the great bay, with protecting arms reaching from south of San Francisco and from Marin County to the north, closing at the Golden Gate to join the mountain chain of the California Coast. The landlocked bay seems designed to receive, hold, and nourish a huge metropolitan center born of the world itself.

One can best appreciate San Francisco's natural frame-



work from the center of the city, atop Twin Peaks or Mt. Sutro. Almost a thousand feet below, the sea spreads westward. To the north lies the narrow opening of the Golden Gate, spanned by its famous bridge, and beyond rises the rugged ridge of Mt. Tamalpais, a monumental work of natural sculpture some four miles long and half a mile high. Eastward and below us, skyscrapers rim the once barren ridges, piercing the ocean fogs that swirl about the hills and float in over the bay—the same curtain that hid the city site from the early explorers. Apartment buildings cling to the hills, and row houses stand wall to wall along the slopes, their saw-tooth roof lines cutting the sky. Streets swing like hammocks between the hills or roll down to the tightly built financial and shopping district where the Spanish plaza once stood, ending at the teeming industrial waterfront. Market Street carves a straight, hard line from the foot of the hills to the Ferry Building at the bay's edge, like a spinal cord connecting the various districts. And always, at the foot of the steep streets that fight their way up the hills, not so much to conquer them as to become part of them, stretches the blue bay. Above it the eye follows the rhythmic pattern of steel lacework that is the San Francisco Bay Bridge, and on east to the flat plains of Berkeley and Oakland gleaming white against slopes of forest-capped hills loftier than ours. To the south, the San Bruno Mountains mark the limits of San Francisco; over their crest we glimpse the broad flat peninsular plain and to the west the high mountain ridge shielding residential suburbs from sea winds and fog. In the San Francisco area nature decides where man should build, and there are constant reminders of nature's dominance.



The city's location also gives its people a feeling of kinship with far-distant points of the earth, living as they do on the doorstep of the other side of the world. First the sailing vessels and the wagon train passed through here, later the locomotive and the steamer, and today the airplane, carrying those bound for other lands.

These surroundings have drawn bold, hardy, and sensitive people of varied racial strains, who have received in return stability and a broad, tolerant point of view toward mankind. The concentration of this international mixture within a relatively small area was bound to produce some colorful and enterprising types. San Francisco's mayors are typical. James Rolph, who occupied the "front office" in the City Hall for four terms until he became governor of the state in the middle thirties, was a favorite local character, with his fresh carnation, highly polished boots, and cowboy hat. Loved for his amiability, punctuated by a bright smile, he was succeeded by Angelo Rossi, though never replaced in terms of popularity. Rossi, like many a good young Italian, started a small flower business when he first came to the city, and unlike most of the others found himself some years later in charge of one of the biggest flower enterprises in northern California. His shop continued to flourish while he looked after municipal affairs. Roger H. Lapham, who followed Rossi, was a businessman whose steamships roamed the Pacific; although his predecessors had served up to four terms of office, he



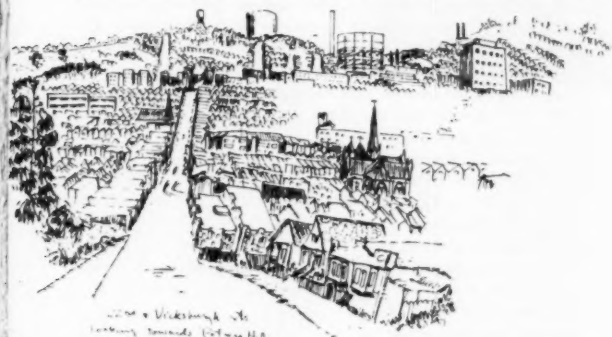
Copp st.

Grant Avenue funerals and New Year's celebrations.

One of these immigrants was George Mardikian, who came as a young man from Armenia. During the early thirties he opened a restaurant called Omar Khayyam's just off the Powell Street cable-car line. Within ten years he had become an international celebrity renowned for his unusual dishes and his books and articles for the gourmet. During the birth of the United Nations at San Francisco in 1945, his job was to please the palates of delegates from all over the earth; as chief of commissary he organized the restaurant for them at conference headquarters in the San Francisco Opera House.

San Francisco's mixture of races goes back to 1579, when Sir Francis Drake discovered Drake's Bay for Queen Elizabeth about thirty miles north of the present site, which at the time was hidden by the frequent fog. The Spaniards entered the scene by the more arduous land route two hundred years later in the persons of Gaspar de Portola, Padre Junipero Serra, Moraga, and others whose names today identify many of the city streets. After remaining in Spanish hands for almost sixty years, in 1825 the city and its surrounding area reverted to the Mexicans. About this time the Russians established a permanent settlement some sixty miles north at Fort Ross, and the growing community of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called, came to know another language. Twenty-four years after Yerba Buena's independence from Spain, the discovery of gold brought people by ship around the tip of Tierra del Fuego, by ship and land via Panama, and eventually by transcontinental railway across the United States. The city began to climb the barren hills, following the rigid street plan laid out by the Swiss engineer Jean Jacques Vioget. The tag end of the century brought the fabulous era of the bonanza nabobs and railroad barons who lived in glittering splendor atop Nob Hill. Then came the ordeal of April 18, 1906. At five A.M., a forty-eight-second earthquake pulverized much of the city and started the fire that burned for seventy-two hours, destroying 512 blocks of buildings. When the dauntless citizens rebuilt their city, they ignored Daniel Burnham's new plan to run the streets around the hills rather than swinging between them, despite criticism on all sides from civic designers. But they did use some elements of the plan—the Civic Center, for example, which is the hub of municipal government.

(Continued on page 45)



refused to run a second time. From City Hall, he went to China, then to Greece, on international assignments for the Truman Administration.

The varied origins of San Franciscans are clearly evident, for each group clings to its cultural heritage. There are French, Italians, and Spanish, whose forebears settled on the hills and in the valleys of the North Beach section; the Russians on Potrero Hill; the Irish in the Mission district; and, of course, the Orientals. The Italians, French, Yugoslavs, Spanish, and Chinese publish their own newspapers and periodicals; any evening in San Francisco you can take your choice of Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, or Chinese radio programs; the daily paper regularly lists eight or ten movies in languages other than English. The Italians have their *boccie* ball clubs; the Irish play hockey and soccer; the French attend their little theater; and the Chinese have their

it's the talk in . . .

Mexico City

Everyone is discussing *México y lo Mexicano*, a new series of books designed to "rediscover" Mexico and things Mexican, bringing Mexicans face to face with themselves and their surroundings; philosopher Leopoldo Zea's and humanist Alfonso Reyes' contributions are considered among the best. . . .

A pyramid with subterranean chambers like the Egyptian variety has been discovered at Palenque. Some striking tenth-century masks and other objects found there are on display at the National Museum. . . .

Big things are expected of the OAS cultural committee, now at work in the Mexican capital, with delegates from Brazil, Haiti, Mexico, the United States, and Uruguay representing the four language areas of the Americas. . . .

After days and days of dancing, police put a stop to the marathon at the Iris Theater on the grounds that it was unhealthy. . . .

The latest work of renowned Mexican playwright Rodolfo Usigli, *Jano es una Muchacha*, has aroused heated controversy. The critics attack it, theater circles defend it as "realistic," and a growing public goes to see it. . . .

Stormy Diego Rivera's art lectures, complete with verbal fireworks, personal blasts, and pink propaganda, are wowing motley audiences of Mexican intellectuals and U.S. tourists. He refers frequently these days to the Exposition of Mexican Art in Stockholm, which was shown in Paris last summer. Echoes among art lovers and critics revolve around the content of art and the Mexican quality of the artists. Should art have political content, as Rivera, Siqueiros, and Orozco contend? they ask. Philosopher José Vasconcelos replies that "it should have religious content." Meanwhile, Rufino Tamayo, whose art, according to his detractors, has no content and is not representative of Mexico, is painting an enormous mural at the Palace of Fine Arts with Mexican colors ("the blue of the *pulque* tavern and the rose of the general store") and is the most sought-after artist of them all.—Luis Guillermo Piazza.

Managua

The arrival of Mexican songwriter and poet Agustín Lara caused considerable stir among residents of the tranquil Nicaraguan capital, who are usually deeply absorbed in the routine of making a living. Under contract to the Salazar Theater, a modern, air-conditioned movie palace seating thirteen hundred, Lara was a sensation with the teen-agers and like a shot in the arm to many an oldster. Ordinarily, his name alone, associated with hundreds of songs sung all over the world, would have drawn a full house. But the theater management overestimated the size of his fans' pocketbooks and hiked admission prices sky-high: twenty-five córdobas (about \$5 U.S.) for orchestra seats and twenty for the balcony. The morning after the opening, a sound truck was sent around the city with loudspeakers blaring that prices had been slashed to fifteen and ten córdobas respectively. During a week's engagement (he brought his own orchestra) an eager public, the press, and various cultural groups followed him everywhere. Their enthusiasm was directed purely at his art, for the composer neither looks like a movie star nor is he any longer a young man. The theater reverberated with the old familiar tunes—*Granada*, *Valencia*, *Solamente Una Vez* (whose English version is "You Belong to My Heart"), *Mujer Divina*, *Rival*, *Santa*—and shouted requests for many others from an insatiable audience. Although he hasn't much of a voice, they clamored incessantly for him to sing, and on one or two occasions, inspired

possibly by the new operetta he is working on, *Pájaro de Oro* (The Golden Bird), he grabbed the baton and directed the orchestra. . . .

Nicaraguans were on tenterhooks awaiting the outcome of the Thirteenth Amateur Baseball World Series in Havana. As always, Mexico, the five Central American countries, Panama, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and Venezuela participated, and, for the first time, the Dutch oil-refining island of Aruba sent a team. Baseball is Nicaragua's national sport, and the yearly play-off between the country's National League and the so-called Minor League is sponsored by the National Sports Commission. The vocal accompaniment must be heard to be appreciated. A few years back Nicaragua's amateur team was tops in Central America; now in a decline, it is still respected for its powerhouse batters. The Havana tournament kept Nicaraguans of every age and class, and both sexes, in a state of perpetual suspense. Snobbish women who once considered the game vulgar cheered right along with the bootblacks and politicians. Betting and victory celebrations were the order of the day. The series began with Cuba beating Mexico 2-1. In a ten-inning game two days later Nicaragua beat Aruba, which, as a new team, was the big riddle. But in the end Cuba took the series hands down.

São Paulo

The city's fourth centennial celebration in 1954 is the favorite topic around town. An organizing committee has been set up, and plans include industrial and agricultural exhibits, cultural displays, sports events, and some fifty national and international congresses and conferences. Musical, literary, artistic, and scientific contests are on the agenda, and work is already under way on new parks, monuments, and exhibit sites. . . .

Theatergoers wax lyrical about Cacilda Becker's top-notch performance in *Antigone*, both the classic Sophocles tragedy and the modern version by the French playwright Jean Anouilh, presented together by the Teatro Brasileiro de Comédia. . . .

Internationally known musical figures Guiomar Novaes and Eleazar de Carvalho were in São Paulo recently for a series of concerts marking the 125th anniversary of the death of Beethoven. *Appassionata*, a new movie produced by Vera Cruz and starring glamorous Tonia Carrero, is based on the famous Beethoven sonata. Critics praised its technical quality but regretted the "theatrical" interpretation. Noted pianist Yara Bernette recorded the musical accompaniment. . . .

U.S. cartoonist Saul Steinberg and his painter wife Hedda Sterne have been in the coffee capital to open a show of their work at the Museu de Arte. . . .

Flying saucers are all the rage here (they have been sighted in various parts of Brazil). For all their dynamic and practical outlook, paulistas have their whimsical side: they would like to believe the strange objects really come from Mars. . . .

The story of Albertinho Limonta has finally ended happily, after two long years and some two-hundred-odd chapters of the popular radio soap opera, *The Right to Be Born*. It's rumored that the sponsor became alarmed over threats to the leading man if things didn't turn out as the fans expected (similar threats were actually carried out in Rio in connection with another program). The tear-jerker originated in Cuba (see "What They're Reading in Venezuela," July 1951 AMERICAS) and has been sweeping Latin America ever since, both on the radio and in printed versions. The story starts with an unmarried girl who, upon finding she's going to have a baby, pleads with her doctor to prevent it. It so happens that the doctor, Albertinho Limonta, is also an illegitimate son, and, by pouring out his own moving tale, finally convinces his patient that the child has a right to be born. Since it took two years to tell the story, though, the patient's child must by now have celebrated his first birthday.

EMBASSY ROW

After a hard day of affairs of state, Venezuelan OAS Ambassador René Lépervanche Parparcén relaxes with his wife, the former Morella Michelena, and their five children (from left): René, 6; María Mercedes, 2 months; Diego Clemente, 2; Clementina, 7; and Morella, 5.



Morella takes a motherly interest in little Diego Clemente's appearance as René, Jr., and Clementina look on from the Embassy steps on Washington's Massachusetts Avenue.

Clementina brings her father a book. Track man, baseball player, and swimmer as a young man, the Ambassador now devotes most of his spare time to reading. Valencia-born Mrs. Lépervanche liked sports, too, but says her children don't leave her much time for play.



Nicknamed "Catirita," Morella has a secret to tell her father, one of Venezuela's most outstanding lawyers. The Ambassador starts his day at five A.M. by adding a few more pages to his memoirs. Begun in 1932, they now cover seven thousand pages.



Below: Like their U. S. counterparts, the Venezuelan Ambassador's children cluster around the television set for Wild West thrills and chills, or maybe a trip to outer space.



SARMIENTO THE WRITER

(Continued from page 20)

his friend José Posse, he presented himself as the only man capable of uniting all the parties in a policy of national harmony respected by neighboring countries. In Chile he wrote *Campaña en el Ejército Grande* (Campaign in the Great Army, 1852), another of his good books—despite its disordered mixture of documents, anecdotes, and personal unbosomings—pleasing as the intimate diary of a novelist.

The country had split into a confederation, led by Urquiza, and the Province of Buenos Aires, in which Mitre exercised the decisive influence. If Sarmiento, a believer in confederation, loved national unity above all other things, he felt more closely linked to his Buenos Aires friends; and this partiality was inflamed after his polemic with Urquiza's supporter Alberdi. *Las Ciento y Una* (The Hundred and One)—his collected letters attacking Alberdi—shows a furious Sarmiento, insults spewing from his mouth.

In 1854 he crossed the Andes to settle in Cuyo, Argentina, but was arrested in Mendoza and had to return to Chile. Here he continued his educational work; he directed the *Monitor de las Escuelas* and published the book *Educación Común*. In 1855 he went back again, this time to establish himself in Buenos Aires. He proposed to be "a provincial in Buenos Aires and a porteño in the provinces." A poetic version of this intention can be seen in his description of autumn in Buenos Aires and in the Andean provinces in *El Camino del Lacio* (The Latian Road, 1856). But in general his writings of the next years—speeches, commentaries, projects, and pamphlets that fill several volumes—are of minor worth. This is understandable. From 1862, the date of the unification of Argentina, to 1880, when the city of Buenos Aires became the federal capital, Sarmiento was to exercise the functions of a leader of government; and his judgment as such was less inspiring than his passion as an exile. He was a journalist, a city councilman, a senator, a professor, a director of schools. In 1860 he shared with Mitre the tasks of constitutional organization. He was governor of San Juan from 1862 to 1864. He made diplomatic journeys to Chile and Peru in 1864, and continued on to the United States, where he served as ambassador from 1865 to 1868. While he lived in the United States, another river of pages began to flow: some on his experiences in foreign lands; others on episodes from Argentina's past, such as *El Chacho*, *Ultimo Caudillo de la Montonera de los Llanos* (El Chacho, Last Chief of the Revolutionaries of the Plains, 1866), which seems like a sequel to *Facundo*, and which, as a matter of fact, appears as such in some editions. To the Argentines he spoke of what he saw. To the North Americans he explained the Argentine viewpoint in the war with Paraguay and the necessity for cultural Pan Americanism.

Returning to Argentina aboard the *Merrimac*, with an honorary doctorate from the University of Michigan, he scribbled in pencil a *Diario Intimo*—a truly intimate diary. During the trip he learned that he had been



Juan Facundo Quiroga, gauchito strong man on whose career Sarmiento based masterpiece



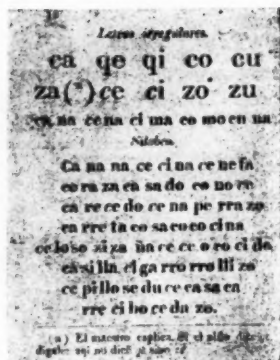
"He remained a barbarian all his life," wrote Sarmiento of caudillo Vicente Peñaloza, alias "El Chacho"

Some of the Chilean outlets for Sarmiento's prodigious writings



elected President. Then came six years (1868-1874) in the republic's highest post, years of political squalls, of mishaps and calamities, of international complications, of titanic struggles to propel Argentina along the paths he had been advocating since *Facundo*. Meanwhile, he was always writing, hurriedly, at all costs; for example, his famous *Oración de la Bandera* (Homage to the Flag, 1873). These years saw the appearance of two works that had the same importance to the second generation of romantics that *Facundo* had to the first: *Martin Fierro*, José Hernández' protest against Sarmiento's anti-gaucha program; *Una Excursión a los Indios Ranqueles*, the shrewd and outspoken reply of Lucio V. Mansilla to the anti-Indian campaign Sarmiento had entrusted to him.

After his term as President, Sarmiento continued the struggle, as a senator from 1875 to 1879 and later as minister for a few days, which awakened the hope of again serving as President. But by now the leaders of the generation that governed from 1853 to 1880 had lost control of events forever. Unresigned to the role of relic, Sarmiento again took up arms in the journalistic battle. Argentina was no longer the same. The first three constitutional Presidents—Mitre, Sarmiento, and Avellaneda—had adapted their constructive policy to the liberal



Page on syllable division from Sarmiento's primer. He devised simplified spelling rules to make learning to read easier



Attempt to assassinate President Sarmiento on night of August 22, 1873. Blunderbuss exploded in assailant's hands

program the exiles had formulated against Rosas. But meantime new forces had appeared. Foreign capital, masses of immigrants, railroads, agricultural production, international trade, the disproportionate growth of Buenos Aires, financial speculation, converted the liberal parties into a conservative oligarchy. The presidency of Roca initiated a new stage in Argentine social evolution. Sarmiento was to be a vehement witness, alarmed by the new problems, as evidenced by his writings between 1880 and 1888, collected in *Condiciones del Extranjero en América* (Condition of the Foreigner in America). "My role in the financial world that dominates us is impossible. I am a voice crying in the wilderness," he wrote to José Posse on August 26, 1883.

A new group, the "Men of '80," was being influenced by fresh cultural currents. Now they read Darwin, Spencer, Taine. Now they believed that the methods of natural science could explain even the phenomena of the spirit. Sarmiento had always believed in the spiritual ends of history. But, surrounded by so much insistence on the practical results of action, his thought was becoming more and more empirical, and he went out to meet Positivism, which mechanized the concept of historical evolution, halfway. When at this period of his life, Sarmiento wanted to organize his ideas on history

systematically, he wrote the rough draft of a Positivist book: *Conflictos y Armonías de las Razas en América* (Conflicts and Harmonies of the Races in America, 1883). It is the last of his sociological works, and the worst, because of its ostentation and incoherence. Its thesis, if there is one, is the racial inferiority of Spanish American society. But this concept of "race," based on a mistaken anthropological theory, was like a smoked and distorting lens that prevented his seeing America with the same astuteness as in *Facundo*. When he removed the lens and looked again with the naked eye, he hit the mark. Not science, but intuitive ardor, was his forte. He leaped into reality in a rapture of love and, from within, worked with such a will to appropriate it, to personalize it, to reform it, that when he tried to describe it he found that he was at the same time subject and object. For this reason his style is autobiographical, and his autobiographies are national histories.

Old, deaf, fallen, Sarmiento was still to give us two more volumes of memoirs: *Memorias Militares* (1884) and the *Vida de Dominguito* (1886), on his adopted son, who was killed in the Paraguayan war. He had written some biographical notes in Washington in 1866, when he received the news of this death; but they were mislaid among other papers, and giving them up for lost, he wrote them again twenty years later. Now both texts may be read, for they have been published together. Comparing them, one finds it astonishing that the old man could have reproduced the affectionate image so faithfully.

In spite of his fecundity, Sarmiento wrote no organic book. No story, no play, no novel, no purely literary essay. The historians who classify literature by genres would not know what to do with him. But let them try to wrest him from Spanish American literature: they would be left with a tremendous gap. Sarmiento wrote only when he had something to say. His habits were those of a journalist, not of a writer. Busy with many tasks at the same time, he saw words as another means of accomplishing his ends. They strike like waves. And if they seem to give ground, it is the recession of the sea, which returns immediately with more force. They express his thoughts fully and effortlessly, and even the careless phrases overflow with genius. Like other civilizers of America, he was to be the victim of his own abundance—who would ever read all his works! Nor does he lend himself to anthology, for no page from his books means anything by itself. Sarmiento worked not in miniatures but in vast expanses.

There is no room here for the long list of his projects, or even for detailing the list of those he was able to carry out: railroads, hundreds of schools, ships, telegraphs, roads, parks, astronomical observatories, libraries, botanical gardens and zoos, even cities. Nor is there room to enumerate his writings and speeches, collected in fifty-two volumes and still incomplete. To the end he took part in public affairs. Already ill, he went to Asunción in 1887. There he died on September 11, 1888. Because of him, September 11 is the Day of the American Teacher. ♦ ♦ ♦



HASTA LUEGO!

WHEN JOSÉ RUBÉN ROMERO, one of Mexico's foremost contemporary novelists, died a few months ago at sixty-two, President Miguel Alemán recalled to a friend of Romero's that whenever Rubén Romero came to see him, he never failed to offer him caramels, chestnuts, almonds, peanuts, walnuts, or pine nuts, with which he kept his pockets filled, even on very solemn occasions. The friend was Indalecio Prieto, government official under the Spanish Republic who now lives in Mexico. "Then it came to my mind," he writes in the weekly *Mañana*, "that in one of the journalistic dialogues Rubén Romero and I carried on, we contracted, on his suggestion, a public obligation: he would write my obituary if I should die first, and I would write his if the situation were reversed.

"Any obituary must be fundamentally biographical, and mine is a needless task. For José Rubén Romero's literary work is autobiographical. There is no book of his without fragments of his personal history. Realizing that he had left in oblivion some minor details, he pieced them together in *Anticipación a la Muerte* (Preview of My Death), its pages dripping with gloom. The event took place as he had foretold: death was sudden and the domestic confusion—this was easy to predict—was exactly as he had drawn it.

"Three days earlier, complaining of his heart, he went to the clinic of Dr. Ignacio Chávez, who scolded him severely for not obeying the prescribed

regimen of rest. He injected a stimulant and ordered him to return home and get into bed, where he was to remain motionless. 'In a few hours, at eight,' said the eminent cardiologist, 'one of my assistants will come to see how you're getting along.' Before eight o'clock had struck, and without having gone to bed, Rubén left his house, telling his servant: 'A doctor is coming soon; tell him I'm sleeping peacefully and that, on my orders, no one is to wake me.' And off he went to the jai-alai game. . . .

"On the fourth of July, the birthday of Cuca, his only single daughter, he had all his children, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren to dinner. The gathering was dictated by a presentiment: it was the final farewell. The patriarch presided at the table, extended to accommodate so many people, but contrary to custom, far from contributing to the family merriment he always promoted, he was sad. At four-thirty he rose from the table. 'Don't go, Dad,' begged his daughters, knowing how serious the situation was and affected by his sadness. But, ignoring their pleas, he left. Three hours later, the telephone rang—a sound that for some time had been heard with alarm in the house. It had happened. In a few minutes an ambulance stopped at the garden gate and the body of José Rubén Romero was taken out.

"Describing his own funeral in *Anticipación a la Muerte*, . . . the anticipator errs in one detail, presupposing a certain official coldness, when he writes: 'Perhaps some old government employee would remem-

ber, and suggest sending flowers, so that it could be said the state did honor to the country's literature.' It wasn't like that. The chief of state himself remained at the funeral home almost two hours, nearly all his ministers attended, and his secretary pronounced an eloquent funeral oration at the foot of the tomb. I do not know whether Rubén imagined, for he did not say, that all the jai-alai players, many bull-fighters, and a great number of Spaniards would be there. What he surely could not have imagined was the attendance of one of his new friends. In a corner of the old quarter of Mexico City, his sweet tooth had discovered Aurorita Valles, a pastry-cook recently arrived from Vergara [a town in the Basque country of Spain] who, honoring the confectioner's tradition of her people, fashions marvelous creams and *hojaldres*. There was Aurora, listening tearfully to the speeches. 'I could never collect the right amount for Don Rubén's orders,' she told me, 'because he always paid me double or triple, leaving me bills without counting them.' He behaved the same way at a Japanese flower shop, where almost every day he bought armfuls of roses, and everywhere, with incorrigible prodigality.

"He was by far the most Mexican of all Mexican writers. Yet his popularity reached its peak with *La Vida Inútil de Pito Pérez* (The Futile Life of Pito Pérez), the least Mexican of his novels because its protagonist, by virtue of being an eccentric, emerges as a universal, not a local, type. While almost all the writers of Mexico have made efforts to universalize their

themes, Rubén Romero tried to Mexicanize himself more. More? Impossible! As a man and as a writer he was the quintessence of this country and particularly of Michoacán. The farther he was from Mexico, the more Mexican he felt. His post as consul in Spain and his diplomatic missions in Brazil and Cuba were no help in imparting a cosmopolitan varnish.

"At official banquets he sat in the place protocol assigned to him, but without touching a mouthful. He could eat only what his Michoacán cook prepared. On an unexpected visit to New York, while I was there, for which he had no time to lay in provisions, he left the Waldorf-Astoria dying of hunger, and not finding victuals to his liking anywhere, sustained himself with vanilla ice cream.

"I hated the hotels," he said, speaking of his travels, in *Anticipación a la Muerte*. "I fled from the restaurants, seeking the refuge of a room where I could extract from my trunk, as I pleased, the almost archeological pieces of my meal: corn *totopos*, aged cheese, jerked beef from the hot lands of Michoacán. At the Ritz, in Paris, a waiter with the appearance of an exiled prince approached our table to offer us the tortillas that, shamefully, we had ordered heated in the kitchen of the aristocratic hotel: "*Monsieur, voici vos biscuits.*" My children laughed, I don't know whether at my expense or at the tail-coated waiter's. In Barcelona I got some nuns to agree to give me things from my own land. In their refectory, those sweet and resigned brides of the Lord served this poor, evil ex-mortal corn on the cob and beans richer than the golden pheasant of royal banquets." In that period as consul general in Barcelona, being unable to overcome with his influence the rigid provisions of the health law or pay the heavy charges for transport of the body of a Mexican who was to be buried here, he loaded it into a refrigerator truck intended for fish, and thus, leaping every obstacle, had it carried to the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay for shipment to Veracruz. . . .

"He made endless fun of his physical appearance, but let anyone else take the same liberty! One day, as he and I left a Havana bar, two elegant

gentlemen seated on the terrace, smiling and whispering, seemed to be laughing at our looks, which certainly were not classical. Rubén insulted them, and as they made no reply, ordered the chauffeur to return at full speed to the Mexican Embassy, where he eagerly set about looking for a stick. When he came out with it his eldest son, secretary of the embassy, snatched it from him, . . . got into the carriage with the cudgel himself, and went in search of the elegant scoffers. Their disappearance frustrated a curious diplomatic incident in the Cuban capital.

"From the grave in which I find myself," he wrote anticipatorily, "I can make confessions I would scarcely have made when I walked the earth supported by my two crutches, pride and vanity." These confessions constitute a pitiless self-portrait, in which he unmercifully and unjustly attacks his ambitions as a poet and his standing

as a novelist, concluding with this hardly exact résumé: "I was a solitary man in the tumult. I was accustomed to converse and laugh without my inner thoughts showing. "What a good-natured man he is," they said; "he spends his life telling spicy stories and talking of frivolous things." But who could descend the twisting staircase of my feelings to the source of my most secret sadnesses? Whenever anyone set foot on the first step my soul adjusted its mask and with a pirouette sounded the bells of joy." . . .

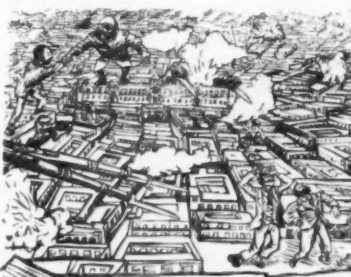
"No one was more popular in Mexico than Rubén Romero. In his box at the bullring, there were few afternoons when gay greetings failed to come his way from the grandstand. The budding bullfighters knew that Rubén's tip for a toast would be the most splendid. That is why one of the first groups to make a condolence call was a committee from the *banderilleros*' union. His popularity, a popularity generated by affection, was immense. Nevertheless—

"In 1949, by registered air mail and correctly addressed, I sent him some documents from France. Surprised by Rubén's long silence, for he was always so accommodating, I wrote again. He hastened to cable me that he had not received the letter. Some weeks later, it came back to me by ordinary mail. On the envelope, the Federal District post office declared that it was being returned—because the addressee was unknown in Mexico! Undoubtedly this absurd statement cloaked the laziness of not making another attempt at delivery after Rubén was not found at home the first time.

"I have acquired here two great friendships beyond all others—that of Lázaro Cárdenas, full of respect, and that of the writer José Rubén Romero, saturated with intimacy. Cárdenas introduced me to Romero in 1939, aboard the presidential train en route to Guadalajara. My grief at Rubén's death is too great for me to work serenely at the obituary he entrusted to me. Rubén himself said his whole life is in his books. He who does not know it, and wants to, may read them; he will also come to know Mexico—its landscapes, its customs, its men, its virtues and vices, its people's life—better than in any other text. . . ."



Posada "skull" (above) and wood-engraving by contemporary Alfredo Zalce (below) demonstrate changes in "Fifty Years of Mexican Art," theme of a recent issue of handsome government-sponsored magazine *México en el Arte*



?????

BACK IN 1837, in widely separated South American cities, two infant newspapers took their first shaky steps. This year, as *El Mercurio* (see below) celebrates its 125th anniversary in Santiago, the *Jornal do Commercio* is doing the same thing in Rio de Janeiro. But it's not much of a world they've lived to see, at least according to the *Jornal do Commercio* columnist Genolino Amado:

"On the blank page on which I have just written the heading for this column, an ironic question-mark looms up, twisted like a snail. It is also a warning signal for my tired mind, anxious as it is to air its ideas on a level of serenity and comforting certainties. A warning that no matter what subject I may choose for my column, no matter where I may turn, I shall be forced to face challenging questions, killjoy questions that antagonize this brain of mine so thirsty for rest, shade, and cool waters. Everywhere nowadays—in the newspapers, on television, on the radio, on the streets, in cafés, in the House of Representatives, in homes, even in the conversations of lonely people with themselves—we are swamped by questions of all kinds.

"How many, dear heaven? Before you can answer the first one, another comes along, and they are innumerable. Here's one from faraway times, from the misty dawn of mankind, the venerable centuries when religious beliefs were born: we are required to answer, here in Rio, whether there is piety or sacrilege in the cremation of dead bodies. Here is another, from remote European, African, Asiatic, even Polynesian, skies, where, according to latest dispatches, things were seen floating around, just as they were recorded by photographers right here in these extremely Brazilian heavens of the Tijuca district of Rio: are there or are there not such things as flying saucers? A doubt worthy of Hamlet. . . .

"As if we didn't have enough riddles already, the Rio newspapers have begun of late to feature crossword puzzles quite prominently. That fact alone constitutes a mighty curious problem, and it would be interesting to work at its solution.

"Actually, it is rather odd that such

pastimes—formerly restricted to fifth-rate little magazines—should have invaded important columns in nearly all our papers, sometimes even at the expense of news or editorials. . . . Some go so far as to give them a place of honor right beside the lead editorial. Thus all the unrest in world politics, the serious business of national reconstruction, the distressing aspects of our economic crisis, the city's passions and madness, are separated by the merest thread of blank space from . . . the five-letter Egyptian goddess that will fit across without disturbing the *Iliad* hero ending with x in the "down" column. In this fashion, the excitement of contemporary events is dulled by the sedation of the game, which carries an all-too-willing mind back to the dead past. You are led to forget reality on the same pages on which reality turns its twisted face to you.

"Obviously this happens because the public so wishes. On buses and streetcars, I have often seen people jotting down in the little black-and-white squares the easier answers to the puzzle, the ones that don't require a dictionary or an encyclopedia. The others, the hard ones, are left to be done at home, when one can tear down the bookshelves, spread a dozen books on a table, and, like a modern Oedipus,

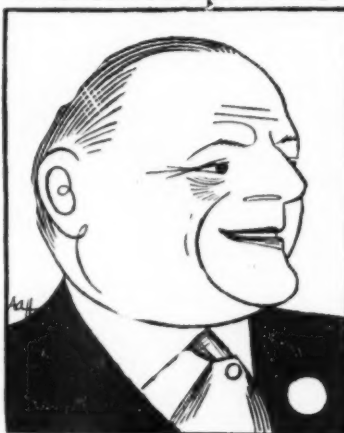
face the Sphinx's riddles, a mélange of Indian mountains, Portuguese counties, Chinese coins, Hebrew priests, Carthaginian warriors, disciples of Mohammed, Athenian philosophers, Angola monkeys, King Solomon's children, Amazon tributaries, Henry VIII's wives—a regular inferno of history and geography.

"But this inferno is paradise to several friends of mine, responsible men who take serious things seriously, study the problems of the moment objectively, and—in the case of some, who hold demanding Government jobs—are forced to face the country's problems squarely. When they pick up their newspaper, they let their eyes roam over the headlines, they pretend to be reading the news quickly, and soon they are in hot pursuit of their favorite pastime. They cannot do without it.

"It would be unfair to accuse these friends of indifference or frivolity. On the contrary, while apparently carefree, they are ridden with cares. They assume the air of jolly hikers on the moon when actually they are pathetic fugitives from a stricken earth that they carry around in their minds. The old-time reader, who had a light soul and led a light life, was not in daily need of such escape, for there was nothing to escape from. If he sought puzzles in old almanacs at all, it was simply in an effort to overcome the boredom of being so carefree; his idle mind needed exercise. But today's reader carries around a mad motion-picture theater in his head, and on its screen he is always watching disconnected, tormenting images. In order to erase them he asks the newspapers to print comic strips and puzzles, just as he asks the radio people for soap operas, noisy music programs, and slapstick humor.

"But in addition to such general considerations, there is also another reason—one that pertains to crossword puzzles alone and contributes heavily to their success. [They are] a problem that can be solved. The trouble with us is, we're always anguished by problems we can't solve. Should the Bank of Brazil probe be published? Did Lieutenant Bandeira kill Afrânio, the bank employee? When Marina gave the police her first account of the

SILUETAS DE AUDIFRED



Horacio Lafer, Ministro de Hacienda de Brasil y Presidente de la Séptima Reunión de Gobernadores del Fondo Monetario Internacional.

El Universal cartoonist Audifred caricatures Brazilian Finance Minister Horacio Lafer, chairman of seventh annual meeting of International Monetary Fund's Board of Governors, held in Mexico City

affair, was she coerced? Is her second one true or false? Are there flying saucers? If so, where do they come from? Are they from Russia or the United States? Or maybe from some other planet? If so, is it Venus or Mars? It's enough to make a man's head swim! But in our dizziness and perplexity we find some consolation in deciding, in the last analysis, who is the Trojan hero whose name ends in *x* and will fit in perfectly with the five-letter Egyptian goddess. It is as if the newspaper people had prescribed a barbiturate, as an antidote to the over-excitement caused by the daily news items. . . ."

WEALTH IN THE DESERT

BACK FROM A TRIP through the wide white tracts of his tapering country's northernmost reaches, Chilean journalist Ernesto Montenegro recorded his enthusiasm in the Santiago daily *El Mercurio*:

"Chile has always had a date with destiny in the North. The desolation of that desert area has been a barrier that only men of endurance and courage have dared to cross. But a narrow and mountainous territory drove Chileans from earliest times into the hazardous business of mining. . . . And it was in the North that the pattern of our political organization and our economic possibilities was established. . . .

"The very sterility of its soil tied the North more closely to the central region. . . . The mining camps' need for provisions boosted agricultural production in the central provinces, increased land values rapidly, and stimulated an active coastwise trade.

"On the psychological side, the North has given Chile a lesson in energy and will power. The long isolation of that area strengthened the character of the inhabitants, giving them a sense of independence and unusual initiative. . . . It also imbued them with a deep loyalty to their native or adopted land that not only has withstood all the ups and downs of fortune but has grown stronger every time an international or domestic crisis has extended its paralysis to that corner of the republic.

"The destinies of the northern and central provinces are intertwined: an

increase or a drop in mineral exports is immediately reflected in prosperity or hard times for the farmers. When copper became our most important mineral, our ties with world industry grew still closer, and every rise or fall in the use of that metal in the United States and Europe had repercussions not only on the northern mining industry but also on the agriculture and commerce of the whole country.

"Complicating this precarious dependence on world markets is the irregularity of communications. . . . Because of the rugged terrain half a million people in the North must depend on the sea routes for all their vital provisions except the supplementary meat supplies that are brought over mountain passes from Argentina. But water transportation is limited and slow, and in all ports but Antofagasta and Iquique unloading is entirely subject to the weather, as there are no mooring wharves or other safeguards against damage from waves and wind.

"Access to the mining region is almost totally blocked by the sierra. The tableland is suspended at more than three thousand feet above sea level and is accessible only by a tiresome, zigzagging climb from the narrow strip of beach. . . . After surmounting this wall of mountains, one gets lost in the infinite desolation of the paramo. Its

trails don't seem to lead anywhere, and a stranger soon tires of wandering in this vacuum and wants to go back where he came from. But suddenly he sees the whitish smoke . . . of a salt-peter plant. A town without trees or water rises from the dry earth like a mirage; a train of empty boxcars comes down a ramp and another, loaded with ore, enters the plant and empties its cargo with a deafening roar; in the distance he hears the miners blasting for salt-peter, and objects as big as tree trunks rise skyward and break into smithereens.

"The desert that seems to proclaim its poverty under its brown Franciscan cape holds almost inexhaustible riches, as if the laws of compensation were trying to make an especially strong appeal here to man's energy and talent. But while the forces of nature play a major role in getting farm products ready for the consumer, metals and minerals become valuable and usable only after long industrial processes. Essentially, agriculture fills the requirements of a country's own inhabitants, while mining links that country with the rest of the world, making it a part of the international commerce that speeds progress and multiplies the resources of humanity.

"A mining country, then, cannot ignore the need to cooperate with other peoples. It has to carry on an active interchange with countries that, because their rise in population and wealth came earlier, are in a position to manufacture on a large scale the tools and machinery so vital in these times. By nature of its soil and climate Chile is a provider of the raw materials of industry, and is clearly destined to become industrialized itself in due time. The Chilean North holds most of the necessary resources. What is needed is better communications, a more efficient use of manpower, and a more general understanding of the necessary social and economic policies."

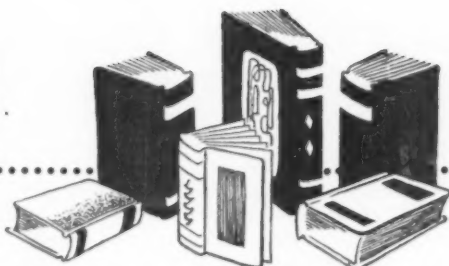


O Amigo da Onça, famous as suave general nuisance, to pilot: "Since we have only one parachute, you stick to the controls and I'll go down and get help."—O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Chicle, chewing gum 2. Bingham
3. Yungas 4. Ouro Preto, Brazil
5. Chile 6. Brazil (Nova York)
7. Cuba 8. Condor 9. Haitian
10. Calle Corrientes

BOOKS



THE GREAT DEBATE: INDUSTRIALIZATION VS. AGRICULTURE

DURING THE PAST TWELVE YEARS the idea has become stereotyped in the minds of most high officials in Latin America that there is only one path and one goal for an underdeveloped country (taking the United States as a superdeveloped model) if it is to emerge from its economic and social backwardness. That single path and goal is industrialization.

In the dazzling glare of this objective (for the machine arouses almost religious fervor in the underdeveloped countries), industrialization has become a modern fetish, whose worship is immoderate and, in the long run, harmful.

For example, the recommendations of the Abbink Commission, which was sent to Brazil in 1948, were not well received by various responsible officials of that country because they urged, among other things, putting a brake on industrial expansion unless agriculture—for the production of raw materials—and transportation were given parallel development.

In Argentina there has been an unbridled race toward industrialization during the past seven years, to such an extent that this year the country, for several decades one of the world's three main producers and exporters of wheat, is importing grain from the United States. Recently the Argentine Government decreed a 40 per cent rise in farm wages in an attempt to induce the rural workers who are now wandering unemployed about the cities to return to the fields.

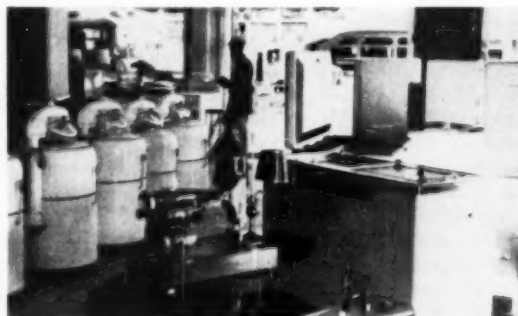
If we looked closely, we would undoubtedly find similar examples in every country of Latin America. On the one hand, the population of most of them is predominantly rural; and on the other, they lack fuel and minerals for beginning and maintaining profitable industrialization. In such circumstances, the pressure on the renewable natural resources becomes tremendous.

The reduced production of machinery and equipment for civilian use in the United States and attendant limitation of exports during World War II, plus the impossibility of obtaining them elsewhere, accelerated the desire and need for Latin American industrial development. But once the war was over, several governments found themselves obliged to adopt higher tariffs, export restrictions on raw materials, and other equally onerous protective measures, in an attempt to maintain artificially this industrial drive begun under special circumstances that were no longer operative. Such pro-

cedures, of course, made local industrial products more expensive, thus limiting the market for them.

Mexico offers a magnificent example of this situation, and two authorities on the subject have dealt with it with considerable depth and accuracy, as also with undeniable affection: Sanford A. Mosk in his *Industrial Revolution in Mexico* and Frank Tannenbaum in *Mexico: The Struggle for Peace and Bread*.

Although these two works received the usual favorable criticism when they were published two years ago in English, their content was practically unknown outside the United States, except to a few people in Mexico who, in addition to knowing English, had collaborated with the authors in one way or another while they were in that country.



New tariffs protect war-born Mexican stove and electrical equipment industries, but local factories meet only a small part of the demand

But the great debate began—and the two books became a matter of timely interest—when the magazine *Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México* decided to sponsor and publish Spanish translations of the two works (a task very brilliantly performed), and when in addition it sent advance copies of the translations to a number of persons prominent in Mexican politics, finance, and economics, requesting comments on the opinions and philosophy expressed. The result was unexpected: it seemed as if Mosk and Tannenbaum had thrown stones at a wasp's nest.

Despite the fact that the two books were originally published several months apart, the authors coincided in recognizing that the Mexican industrialization program had been forced too fast, leaving behind other basic activities that are both causes and effects of sound industrialization, such as agriculture, land reclamation,

construction and maintenance of good roads and transportation facilities, and so on.

Both Mosk and Tannenbaum pointed out that more than 70 per cent of the Mexican population is rural, and that this enormous mass lacks sufficient purchasing power due to empirical farming methods and the fact that most of the produce is for home consumption. Because of this, the country faces two obstacles to sound industrial development that are insuperable at the moment: the low purchasing power of the great majority of the population in regard to industrial products, and the shortage of food, which has to be corrected in part by importation. Paradoxically, it is a superdeveloped and superindustrialized country that has excess agricultural products to export to Mexico, including wheat, corn, beans, lard, eggs, evaporated milk, cheese, butter, and so on.

For their part, some of the illustrious defenders of the policy of industrial development in Mexico (as happened in the case of the Abbink Commission in Brazil) have openly said that both writers' opinions seemed to be dictated by the fear of the "Colossus of the North" that an industrialized Latin America would offer U.S. manufactured products strong competition in world markets, and its consequent desire that those of us south of the border should continue sunk in technological ignorance and lack of ambition for industrialization, and should keep devoting ourselves to providing raw materials for the industries of Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Dallas.

Thousands leave Mexico each year in search of better living standards, *Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México* points out, illustrating translation of Mosk book



The translations of these two very interesting books and the comments of the fervent defenders of Mexican industrialization during the war and postwar periods are matters of such immediate interest to all the Latin American countries, and of such significance to their future, that it would be difficult to outline or analyze them within the limits of a book review. But there can be no doubt that the philosophical content of these works can be applied in many places and teach basic lessons in economic development to many countries that have begun to build walls and roofs for their economic structures without laying solid foundations. Industrialization should not be an end in itself but rather a means for raising the standards of living of the underdeveloped peoples.

The great debate—Industrialization vs. Agriculture—has just begun; and these two books, published in Spanish within the pages of *Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México*, have given it a timely and lively start.—Gonzalo Blanco

LA REVOLUCIÓN INDUSTRIAL EN MÉXICO, by Sanford A. Mosk, in *Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México*, Vol. III, Num. 2, Abril-Junio de 1951, pp. 11-233. Translation by Clementina and Fernando Zamora of *Industrial Revolution in Mexico* (Berkeley, California, University of California Press, 1950). Followed by comments, pp. 237-296. Copies of *Problemas*, 30 pesos or \$4.00 U.S.

MÉXICO: LA LUCHA POR LA PAZ Y POR EL PAN, by Frank Tannenbaum, in *Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México*, Vol. III, Num. 4, Octubre-Diciembre de 1951, pp. 9-154. Translation by Manuel Sánchez Sarto of *Mexico: The Struggle for Peace and Bread* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1950). Followed by comments, pp. 155-310.

A CUBAN LOOKS AT HEMINGWAY

IT WAS WITH THE EMOTION of a Cuban, a disciple, and a novelist that I read the latest work of Ernest Hemingway. And I finished the book with the vivid feeling of having once more met the Hemingway of his best short stories.

The Old Man and the Sea is a novel on Cuba, but only in the way his other books are on other countries. The author has lived among us for some time, but he did not come here to study us as one studies an exotic tribe; or to write a bread-and-butter book about our special virtues; and even less to poke into our human defects. Hemingway came simply to live, to live profoundly, a compact portion of our existence. From that living a novel has emerged that is Cuban to the small extent that a few names and allusions locate it here, but that is of all lands and all times in the universal quality that Hemingway always gives his work.

As writers, we all have degrees of good fortune in our work. Hemingway, like everyone else, has had happier results with some of his books than with others. But even in the most harshly criticized works (*Across the River and Into the Trees*, for example), his marvelously effective style and his identification with the inexhaustible courage of man are unmistakable.

Hemingway's philosophy has been explained in many ways (of course, every great novelist must have his philosophy, not to be expressed in abstract elucidations but to be presented, on the plane of imagination, as a living experience). For me, there is in him a dominant preoccupation, one that I myself have always felt above all others. Hemingway knows that man, despite all that he has done to hide it, continues to confront the brutal forces of nature, from his cradle to his grave. These forces may be called lions, or sharks, or bulls, or—most often—just men. Hemingway knows that man, despite all his material power, or perhaps because of it, continues to be the helpless and solitary creature of the jungle, who must draw supreme strength from his own heart and mind in order to survive.

In Hemingway, man's supreme quality is his moral courage. This leitmotiv appears in all his works and is strikingly present in this latest one. Happen what may, no matter how brutal the adversaries, however many and serious the obstacles, at the end there is always a note of supreme valor, of supreme illusion, that places man above the beasts.

Some readers have thought they saw a symbolically pessimistic note in *The Old Man and the Sea*. The poor and solitary fisherman returns, in a long passage, with a monstrous marlin tied alongside his boat. To catch this great prize required tremendous effort, enormous skill, and unflinching persistence. And once the goal was achieved, after the man had endured so much punishment and sacrifice, the sharks came, the pirates came, the robbers came, and their gnashing teeth reduced his prize to the clean backbone. Is this the end and the payment of every great human effort? No, for the fisherman has not yet perished, he has returned to the shore and, submerged in sleep, he is dreaming a new dream. He has not been defeated by the sharks. He simply went too far out.

This background of Hemingway's works—I hesitate to call it a metaphysical background—is what leaves a memory in your soul, over and above the imaginative situations of the story. And this feeling pervades not only the plot and the conditions of the characters, but also the atmosphere surrounding them, which the author has the gift of bringing vigorously to life.

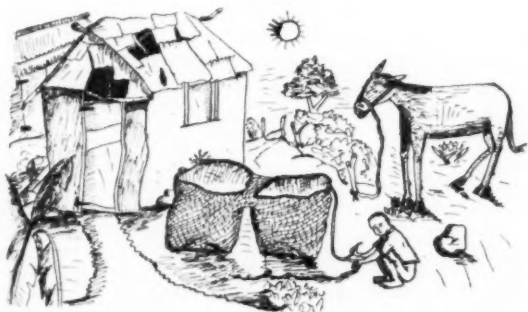
In *The Old Man and the Sea*, the atmosphere is at a minimum, but, evoked in the dialogue and fused with the characters, it is enough so that the plot does not seem separate from the sea where it develops.

Hemingway is one of the few authors to whom, despite the pressure of modern life, one can always return with interest and discover new qualities. Actually, for many Latin American and European readers, their first contact with his works has been disconcerting. That Nordic brusqueness, those repetitions, those monosyllables, those seemingly trivial dialogues. . . . You don't understand until later that all this, and much more, is part of a very original technique. You must place Hemingway against the background of all the Anglo-Saxon literature that preceded him in order to realize the originality of his technique in the novel.

As for that triviality, that lightness of certain scenes (when one has not yet gotten into his work), it is equally deceptive. Behind the most ordinary relations of his characters there is always an element of tragedy, and to face it man will necessarily have to emerge from his complacency and muster the ancestral courage that has permitted him to overcome the darkest forces in the world.

The Old Man and the Sea possesses some of the best qualities of Hemingway's best work (of the African stories, for example), and it proves that the author is still full of creative vigor. I don't know of anyone else of his generation who equals him in this respect. Beside the author of *The Old Man*, all his contemporaries look as if they were rapidly losing their youth.

Those of us who knew that Hemingway had made himself at home among us expected this novel he has just given us. And we expect still others of greater scope. The feeling *The Old Man and the Sea* leaves is: This is too little for something that is so good.—Lino Novás Calvo
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Ernest Hemingway.
New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. 140 p. \$3.00



Illustrations by Haitian artist Wilson Bigaud from children's book *Market Day for Ti André*, by Maia Rodman. In the story, we see the Haitian countryside through the wide eyes of a six-year-old boy making his first, wonderful trip with his mother from their mountain village to the big Iron Market at Port-au-Prince. New York, Viking Press, 1952. 48 p. \$2.00



PARADISE LOST

(Continued from page 12)

royal heart" and never formally justified his action. But it is generally accepted that the Jesuits were expelled because there was no way of inducing them to depart from their concept of authority. The order preached that authority originated in the people, which was the rightful place for it, and that it was vested in kings and emperors conditionally, almost as a form of contract. The Bourbons believed, on the other hand, in the divine right of kings. So the villages lost their guardians and their impelling force, and all the priests in residence in 1767 left their highly successful theocracy and returned to Europe to seek a new life.

The Dominican order inherited the "empire," and Jesuit literature points out that the subsequent decline was largely due to the fact that the Dominican fathers did not learn the Guaraní tongue and did not know how to handle the Indians. Azara, writing in 1799, reported that immediately after the Jesuit withdrawal, buildings began to deteriorate and population and the extensive herds of cattle dwindled fast. Five years of Dominican administration reduced the population of San Ignacio Mini to 660 people. By 1784, the Indians there numbered only 176, and by 1810 the last handful had disappeared.

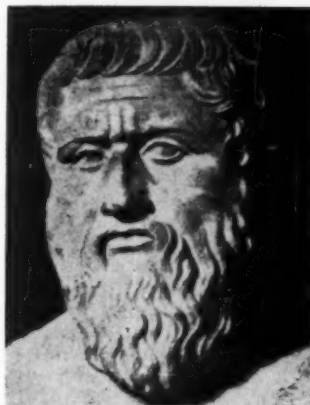
The transfer of San Ignacio to the Dominicans called for a complete inventory of the village. This lengthy document was published in Spain in the middle of the last century by one Francisco Bravo, and the items included throw further light on the settlement's self-sufficiency. One was "a church with three naves, with a completely finished cupola in good condition, partly painted in gold, with a gilt pulpit and four confessionals, two ornamented with sculpture and two plain." There is a long list of the collection of ceremonial and ecclesiastical silver and gold, the vestments and musical instruments in the Music Room, the exact contents of the stores, and so on. Some samples: 3,650 quarters of cotton, six hundred quarters of *mate*, two pounds two ounces of silk thread, thirty-three quarters of iron, three pounds four ounces of sealing-wax, seven ancient maps. The livestock at the time consisted of 33,400 head of cattle and 7,356 sheep.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when San Ignacio was in a sad state of neglect, the Dominicans were still represented there and a few Indians remained. But in 1817 the Paraguayan dictator Francia ordered evacuation of all the reductions so that his enemies could derive no benefit from them. According to the records, San Ignacio was set on fire, which accounts for the fact that no woodwork of any sort has survived and the roofs have also disappeared.

For eighty years San Ignacio was forgotten by the world. Apparently no one lived in the vicinity, and nature ravaged the ruins with a free hand. A tree called *ibapoi* got started there, sending down strong roots to split the foundations. When in 1897 an agronomist by the name of Juan Queirel came upon the place, he found it in the same condition as some of the Maya cities discovered in modern times in Central America. Queirel

published a conscientious account of the ruins and recommended a systematic restoration combined with an agricultural program. Nothing, however, was done until 1943.

In that year, the recently formed Historical Monuments Section of the Argentine Architectural Directorate laudably took the matter in hand. The *ibapoi* trees were



Plato, whose ideal state, according to some, was model for Jesuit missions, a claim hotly denied by others

removed, the grass was trimmed in the open spaces, the weeds and shrubs were cleared away from the buildings, and in some cases effective reconstruction work was undertaken. Since then a caretaker has been installed and the inroads of nature have been checked. It may never be possible to restore these buildings completely, but what remains is being wisely protected as a reminder of a successful experiment, possibly unique in the history of America. ♦ ♦ ♦

watch for . . .

The story in pictures of
Christmas in the Americas

José Antonio Portuondo on
Hemingway

A report on
what's happening in the Hemisphere's
international trade

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

AMERICAS

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Before his recent resignation as Ambassador from Ecuador to the OAS, Dr. Alfonso Moscoso (right) pinned his country's Order of Merit on Dr. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Nicaragua's Ambassador to Washington and the OAS, in recognition of his outstanding work in inter-American relations. Looking on as the ceremony took place in the music room at the Ecuadorean Embassy was Peruvian OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle.



On special assignment from the Brazilian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sizio Pontes Nogueira (right) is in Washington for a month studying the structure and functions of the OAS as part of his training for a career in Brazilian diplomacy. Here he discusses the machinery of the OAS Council secretariat with Santiago Ortiz, chief of the section.

To see the recent exhibit of seven of his country's painters at the PAU, Aurelio Giroud (right), attaché at the Cuban Embassy in Washington, brought a compatriot, Professor Antonio Martínez of the Instituto de Segunda Enseñanza in Camagüey. The painting they're discussing is one of the brilliantly colored abstractions of Amelia Peláez.

[Last month OAS Foto Flashes inadvertently described Dr. José T. Barón as Cuba's OAS Ambassador. Actually, he is Interim Representative.—Editor]



The old and the new in Uruguayan soldiery are well illustrated in this photograph snapped by a PAU photographer during the recent Washington, D.C., celebration of the South American country's Independence Day. The two smartly white-jacketed officers flanking Dr. Carlos Polleri Camió, Minister Counselor of the Uruguayan Embassy (in civilian clothes), and U.S. General Robert Walsh, chairman of the Inter-American Defense Board, are General Guillermo Murdoch, chief of the Uruguayan military mission (left), and General Carlos Iribar, Uruguay's representative on the Inter-American Defense Board. The statue behind them, on which they laid a wreath, is of the nineteenth-century soldier-statesman José Gervasio Artigas, national hero of Uruguay.



While the thermometer soared toward the melting point, educators from all over the world met at the University of Maryland in College Park to discuss ways and means of boosting technical training in Latin America. Delegates to the Inter-American Seminar on Vocational Education shown here hail from Brazil, Paraguay, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Uruguay, Panama, Haiti, and the United States. The seminar was sponsored by the OAS, the International Labor Office, the U.S. Government, Maryland University, and UNESCO.



UNIVERSITY OF THE ANDES

(Continued from page 5)

teach as a sideline and do not devote sufficient time or responsibility to their duties. Struggling vigorously against the practice, Uniandes can now boast that 70 per cent of its classes are conducted by professional educators, with the prospect that soon all of its instructors will devote full time to teaching.

To provide more opportunities for students, the administration took a further step to link the university more closely with U. S. education. Through Mario Laserna, President George D. Stoddard of the University of Illinois became interested in the new school, and the University of Illinois agreed to receive an unlimited number of recommended students who have completed five semesters of study in Bogotá. Thus Uniandes students can go to Illinois at the outset of their third year and complete their course in their chosen field of specialization. At present, forty are taking advantage of the scheme, working for degrees in aeronautics, civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering, and economics. Thanks to the generosity of the former wife of Chicago department store baron Marshall Field, now married to Diego Suárez, Minister Counselor of Washington's Colombian Embassy, and to scholarships offered by firms interested in acquiring technical personnel, no deserving candidate is prevented from going to Illinois by lack of funds.

As one of the most revolutionary educational experiments in Spanish America, the University of the Andes has received widespread attention from Hemisphere magazines and newspapers. By no means fully developed, it is making plans for inaugurating a women's school, expanding the new Institute on Conservation and Use of Natural Resources, and organizing further cultural extension courses for those whose study time is limited. In short, the initiation of whatever programs will contribute to the university's goal of fostering democratic ideals and a sense of human dignity.

As it was put by diplomat and statesman Eduardo Zuleta Angel, first President of the UN General Assembly and President of the Ninth Inter-American Conference in Bogotá, who became rector on August 1, 1952, after Dr. Franco's retirement: Uniandes "is independent of the vicissitudes of politics . . . a university that plays a major role in keeping relations between Colombia and the United States on a high level by training generations who know the big democracy of the North firsthand, who understand the mentality of its people, and who can make honest and effective use of the help it provides."

◆ ◆ ◆

"A toothache is not only humiliating: it is insistent, insidious, boring, more boring than a visit of condolence, more subtle than Existentialism, and at the same time shameful, stupid, vulgar. The vulgarity of a swollen face! The stupidity of an exposed nerve! The shame of a false tooth! And above all the ridiculousness of being unable to attend something-or-another because of a toothache."

—Fernando Sabino (Brazil)



Rector Zuleta (center) meets two members of Uniandes advisory council in New York: Hunter College president George N. Shuster (left) and Columbia University professor Dwight C. Miner



Other Uniandes advisers include (shown from left): Dana Munro, Whitney Oates, Albert Einstein, Oscar Morgenstern, Mario Laserna (now vice rector), Samuel Wilks, Marston Morse, Solomon Lefschetz

Between classes, students mill about, sit on steps in front of the office of dean of studies



THE BARBED PEN OF COKE

(Continued from page 8)

the leading humorous publications of the day—*Grandes y Chicos*, *Correvuela*, and *El Peneca*—but when it came to presenting his work, he performed the job with the tenacity and nimbleness of a vacuum-cleaner salesman. As the demand for his cartoons grew, his economic problems diminished, and he allowed himself the luxury of a public exhibition of some of his more serious artistic works, which a disrespectful critic demolished with the comment: "There is a fellow named Coke, who draws women with such passion that sometimes they look like women." Nevertheless, his name remained relatively unknown until the *Diario Ilustrado*, one of Chile's most respected papers, hired Coke to illustrate the newly modernized front page of its Sunday edition with colored drawings—the first success of his spectacular, chameleon career.

About that time Coke fell violently in love with Raquel Ramirez Rahausen, one of the leading Santiago beauties of the day. With the exuberance that marks his every act, he went about seeking her hand. Asked by her parents about his occupation and financial situation, he replied confidently, "I am a dauber and I have an unlimited capital of pencils, brushes, and ideas," and without waiting for an answer he unfolded a design for "the house I'm building for my beloved"—a marvelous mansion surrounded by fanciful gardens and dazzling fountains. "You can't turn down a man who's so foresighted and progressive," observed the girl's father, giving his consent. The couple have two children: Jorge, Jr., a traveling representative in Latin America for a U.S. automobile manufacturer; and Adrianita, who inherited her mother's beauty and is now married to a distinguished Chilean physician.

Family responsibilities acted as a spur to Coke's energy and creative powers. Ideas gushed from his fertile imagination like inexhaustible springs. He had been movie-crazy from boyhood. Once, in order to get into the neighborhood theater without buying a ticket, he had got a job pounding the piano there, though he could play only by ear. The job came to an abrupt end the night his mother got a message requesting the "maestro's" presence at the theater. In 1923 he inaugurated the Chilean movie industry with *Juro No Volver a Amar* (I Swear I'll Never Love Again). He filmed the picture in downtown Santiago, and when he needed people for a crowd scene would simply wait until enough curious passersby had assembled and then train the camera on them. But he himself can best tell the story of this fabulous, difficult era (see page 8). In 1930 he journeyed to Hollywood with his family to study sound-film techniques, but after a year of countless hardships in the movie capital he returned to Chile to find a terrible economic crisis that pulverized initiative and stopped business in its tracks. Millionaires hid their capital, banks restricted credit, and Coke found no backing for his ambitious film-making plans. Soon his small savings disappeared: defeat stared him in the face. Moreover, there were debts to pay, and creditors—not exactly men

Cold War dance. Stalin to U.S.A.: "It's very easy; when I take a step forward, you take one back. That's it—without treading on me or losing the beat"



Famous cartoon of August 1949 predicted Korean War. In reply to Uncle Sam's warning, "One step more and I shoot," Uncle Joe counsels: "Never mind, his gun only goes 'pop'"



Molotov, the "No" man at the United Nations

During World War II, Uncle Sam lends encouragement as Nelson Rockefeller tries to stitch together the Western Hemisphere



of patience and good humor whom you can put off with jokes or clever stratagems—stalked the marvelous mansion like savage tigers.

This was the state of affairs when the idea of starting a humorous political magazine, which he baptized *Topaze* after the then very popular French comedy by Marcel

Pagnol, began to ripen, in Coke's mind. The well-known Chilean actor Rafael Frontaura, now an idol of the Buenos Aires public, posed as Topaze for hundreds of drawings until Coke finally produced the unmistakable image of his hero. But Délano was bankrupt; publishers shook their heads sadly when they heard his plans. No one, it seemed, thought that such a publication could be financially successful in Chile. Eventually, the undismayed Coke found an obscure, heroic printer willing to risk printing the weekly without a penny's guarantee or the slightest material aid from his new intellectual partner. The little shop, symbolically named "*El Esfuerzo*" (Effort), is situated on the outskirts of Santiago, and Coke confesses that the first time he went there he did not have cab fare and had to walk, through one of those downpours that have a habit of punctuating Chile's gentle spring.

Once, in the early days of *Topaze*, when Coke had no money to spend on the necessary help, his Tuesday deadline caught him up to his ears in work on a movie. Though the editorial page bore the legend "It appears when it can," the magazine was really supposed to come out on Thursday. Just before press time, he whipped off a cartoon for the cover; then he had half the pages printed solid black and the rest left blank. Every page instructed, "Hold up to the sunlight for five minutes and you will see figures of political significance and read terrible jokes about them." Half of *Topaze's* readers that week claimed they had "seen something," and the other half, stationed on the busiest street corners in Santiago, held their copies up to the sun until their arms ached and the police drove them away in the interests of traffic safety.

Topaze's influence on Chilean public life is enormous—I might almost say "decisive." In the opinion of a U.S. magazine, "most of [its] effectiveness is due to the wisecracking sayings of the two simply drawn cartoon characters who appear in the magazine regularly and through whom Coke voices his own opinions: One is a bearded, elongated intellectual known as 'Professor Topaze.' The other is a shoeless, runty, ragged, but usually grinning oaf called 'Juan Verdejo Larraín.' Verdejo represents Chile's lower classes, and is so well known that all over Chile his name has come to be used much as 'John Q. Public' is used in the United States." One of his names is of humble, the other of upper-class, origin, and his creator explains: "In Chile we all have something of Larraín and something of Verdejo." Coke is not a social caricaturist, like Daumier, for example. His work is above all psychological, almost always political, and sometimes historical.

Nothing escapes *Topaze's* logical reasoning, which, together with the near-clairvoyance of the artist, allows it to herald events with surprising accuracy. Thus, on August 12, 1949, Délano predicted the Korean war a year before its outbreak in a drawing reproduced on these pages. It is a whole synthesis of the tragic history we are living through.

It is important to point out that this kind of weekly can exist only in a country enjoying absolute freedom of

the press, since most of its fun-making is leveled at the chief of state and his principal aides. In 1951, President Gabriel González Videla told Tom Hamilton of the *New York Times*: "Although I am a very early riser, on Wednesdays I get up even earlier than usual to laugh at the cartoons, jokes, and taunts *Topaze* aims my way every week." Another time, attending the eleventh-anniversary celebration of a radio skit, *La Familia Chilena*, whose only theme is to make jokes at the expense of the powers that be, President González Videla said in an impromptu speech: "I am an open admirer of the humor of *La Familia Chilena* and *Topaze*. I understand and applaud the satire that both are accustomed to use against government officials, and I must confess that I applaud it even more when it falls on ministers and congressmen. I laugh also, but not so willingly, when it touches me personally."

Nevertheless, *Topaze* has had its brushes with authority. Toward the end of his second term as President, Arturo Alessandri became so outraged by widespread criticism of some of his policies that one of his officials ordered the confiscation of an issue of *Topaze* that had particularly displeased him (Alessandri apologized to Coke when he found out). It was during this period that the magazine published an issue devoted almost in its entirety to the National Poultry Exhibition. In place of the usual slogan, "Barometer of Chilean Politics," the cover advised readers that *Topaze* was the "Barometer of Chilean Aviculture." The censors put in a good bit of time trying to find hidden meanings in the cartoons about eggs and chickens, and Coke himself had to call on the bald-pated Minister of the Interior to explain that it was not he to whom a certain cartoon about an egg referred.

Délano is not content with having created a magazine and made it grow to a circulation of sixty thousand. He has made it a school, and developed a legion of notable political-satirical editors and cartoonists. Among the former I must cite Avelino Urzúa, present editor of *Topaze*; the brothers Gabriel and Carlos Sanhueza; Héctor Rocuant; and Tito Mundt. Among the latter are René Ríos ("Pepo"), one of the most talented of today's cartoonists; Luis Sepúlveda ("Aluhé"); Mario Torrealba ("Pekén"); and a constellation of promising caricaturists whose true school has been the example and technique of Jorge Délano.

Now, after forty years, Coke has returned with the same old passion to the golden dream of his youth—painting. His sensitive portrait of Alessandri, beloved statesman and twice President of Chile, who died in 1950 while serving as president of the Senate, hangs in the Senate chamber. He has turned the magazine over to his old collaborators, who are his spiritual sons and the heirs of an honorable, jealously guarded tradition—an obsession with the perfect product, a restless drive to stay ahead of and above the pack. The legacy he has left them was summed up by U.S. Ambassador to Chile Claude Bowers, who wrote Coke some time ago: "The history of our times in Chile can almost be written from the satire and cartoons of your pamphlet." ♦ ♦ ♦

COKE TELLS HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE

(Continued from page 8)

piciously to the gate. "The owners are in Europe," he told me. "Yes, I know, my good man. I am a very good friend of Don Horacio's, and I am sorry he's away. I have a favor to ask him that he would gladly have granted." (Horacio Fabres, an intimate friend of Arturo Alessandri's, had been the target of my most biting caricatures of that time.)

To make a long story short, I offered the gardener-caretaker twenty pesos for every day he let me come in with my "company." He accepted, on condition that we film only in the garden. This complicated my production problem. How was I to film the elegant interiors? Where would I get furniture, tapestries, lamps?

"To think is to create" (another of my father's favorite maxims), I said to myself, and headed for the celebrated Llull Brothers furniture store, whose spacious windows were arranged as fashionable rooms. I easily persuaded the owner to let my artists act in his windows in exchange for a credit in the initial titles. My heroine's wardrobe I obtained in the same way.

The actors, all good friends of mine who had never set foot on a stage, would work for the love of art. One, an elegant army captain, was cast as a likable playboy and had to enter his bedroom half-crooked after a big night. Considerable commotion attended the filming of this scene in the window of the furniture store. In a short time the curious public had completely clogged traffic, and stalled streetcars and automobiles filled the block. Meanwhile, several of my assistants, equipped with mirrors, threw reflected sunlight over the improvised set from nearby balconies. Soon, of course, the police came by to keep the crowd moving. The captain pleaded with me in the name of the Virgin of Carmen, patron saint of the army, to shorten his scene: "This can cost me my career, my dear Coke. Just think what would happen if one of my superiors were to pass by now and see me making a display of myself in my underwear!" Happily, nothing did happen, and a year ago he retired with the rank of General-in-Chief.

The scenes filmed at the Fabres palace were coming along splendidly. The appearance of the lordly old mansion had changed a good bit; it now looked more like a battlefield. My friend the captain had got hold of some army tents, which we set up in the park for use as dressing-rooms and commissaries. The company of horses we needed for a paper-chase scene he sent over from the army also; they grazed peaceably on the untrodden lawns while their military attendants groomed them. In fact, we felt quite at home. But one day a car stopped at the gate—Horacio Fabres, unexpectedly home from his trip through the Old World! To get out, look at his park converted into a bivouac, and begin to emit howls of indignation was the work of a minute. "What's the meaning of this? Has the army taken my house too?" he bellowed. I forgot to mention that the ruling military junta was responsible for Fabres' enforced vacation in Europe, and as a result the mere presence of a soldier was enough to upset him.

You don't have to be a movie fan to understand that after this scene it was impossible to film another at the palace of Horacio Fabres. I had to make fundamental changes in the plot. The final kiss, a scene no

movie of that era could do without, had to be moved to the terrace of Santa Lucia Hill. Megaphone in hand, my eyes shaded by a celluloid visor, like a real movie director—all I needed was plus-fours to be a perfect imitation of Cecil B. deMille—I was within two seconds of calling "Camera!" when the captain, who had been looking nervously at his watch, came up to me and said: "I hate to tell you this, my dear Coke, but I can't go on. I have something to do that I can't postpone," and without further explanation ran off down the hill. What could have happened? I asked the pretty heroine, who had been left standing with her lips puckered for the kiss, if she and the hero had had an argument. Nothing like that. We decided it must have been a bad stomach-ache that had forced the captain's precipitate departure. Crestfallen, we loaded up our equipment and left. But a strange disturbance was noticeable in the streets. People were running and murmuring, and their faces showed anguish, worry, or fear. I thought there must have been an earthquake, and we stopped the car to inquire of a hurrying newsboy. "There's trouble at La Moneda!"

With the help of my press card I managed to get through the milling crowds to the government palace. There was the hero of my movie, still bearing traces of make-up, standing in the doorway with a pistol at his waist! Over the coat he had been wearing he had buckled a military cartridge belt. He explained: "As we were about to film the kiss I realized it was the time we conspirators had set for the coup, and I couldn't explain. We were sworn to secrecy." The kiss scene was filmed a week after the junta that had overthrown Arturo Alessandri was in turn overthrown by the star of *Juro No Volver a Amar*.

Now let's put on a roll of film labeled "LA CALLE DEL ENSUEÑO, YEAR 1929."

That was a year of great importance in the pageantry of South American diplomacy. After a long rupture, Chile and Peru had agreed to a reconciliation. The new Peruvian Ambassador, His Excellency Sr. César Elguera, had just arrived in Chile. The reception when he presented his credentials at La Moneda would be a memorable event, and the government had invited the entire diplomatic corps. Military bands were rehearsing



In Hollywood, Coke (left) and orchestra leader Xavier Cugat, himself a noted caricaturist, go to work on each other

the hymns of each of the friendly nations for the moment when its Ambassador passed beneath the ancient portico of the palace.

Meanwhile, I was completely taken up with a difficult scene in *La Calle del Ensueño* (The Street of Dreams). On the corner adjoining La Moneda, where the Ministry of Finance is today, there was at that time only a vacant lot surrounded by a high board fence. This was the spot I had chosen for filming an *Arabian Nights* scene. And why, more than one will ask, did I choose a place so close to the government palace? Simply this: the scene required an elephant; a circus had been set up in that very street, and the manager let me have his elephant on condition that I keep it within a block of the circus grounds. Guayo de la Cruz, as a prince who rode the elephant, was to wear a costume rented from the Municipal Theater costumers, and he decided to change clothes in one of the theater dressing-rooms. When he had done so, he thought it entirely natural to walk the four blocks to the set. Majestically, he approached La Moneda.

How was he to know that at the moment he passed La Moneda the diplomatic ceremony would be at its height? When the military chief saw this exotic personage in high turban, flowing silk cape, and pointed slippers, he was so paralyzed that he could not guess what hymn he should order the band to play. The public crowded around; the chief of protocol made desperate efforts to identify the strange ambassador who was not on his list. Guayo de la Cruz says he continued imperturbably on his way, to the place where the elephant and the retinue of extras disguised as Arabs awaited him.

He had climbed aboard, and I was pointing out to the tamer, who sat on the pachyderm's head, the route he should follow, when the elephant, exhibiting a sense of humor incredible in such a weighty animal, inserted its trunk into the pocket in which I was carrying the script, and with a dexterity worthy of a practiced pickpocket subtracted the eighty typewritten pages. And ate them. Since I was the author, I could go on from memory.

The elephant is not known to have suffered indigestion, and a short time later the film won the grand prize at the International Exposition in Seville. ♦ ♦ ♦

CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE

(Continued from page 27)

There is little doubt that the climate is responsible for much of the San Franciscan's zest for living, apparent in the pedestrian's brisk pace; a windy day on Market Street is hardly conducive to leisurely strolling. But his vigor and imagination show up in other ways. The merchandise displayed in stores like Gump's and V. C. Morris reflects a wide variety of tastes. San Franciscans can furnish their homes with goods from all over the world, bought in the all-Swiss and Portuguese shops on Sutter Street, the Mexican store on Bush, and six blocks of Chinese shops in Chinatown, or the all-Japanese shops on outer Post Street.

San Francisco's restaurants are an institution. Within only a few blocks along Broadway in North Beach, the epicure can take his choice of French, Italian, Chinese, Mexican, or Basque food. In other neighborhoods, the Swede, East Indian, or Japanese can find his own national restaurant.

There's a tale behind the founding of many a San Franciscan cafe. Take Tadich's Grill, whose street sign identifies it as "The Original Cold Day Restaurant." Founded in an old abandoned ship on the mud flats of what was then the waterfront, it was moved in the eighties to a building on the same site when the waterfront was filled 'in' with earth from nearby Telegraph Hill. The restaurant took its name during an election campaign when old John Tadich bet that "it would be a cold day" (then a popular expression of improbability) if a certain political figure won. Win he did, so his friends unloaded tons of ice on the sidewalk to prove it. Tadich's Grill is near the wholesale produce district, making fresh vegetables, meat, and fish available to hard-working customers with good appetites. In the evening the trade becomes somewhat more fashionable. The former proprietor, one of the old-timers who came from Europe to help build the fabric of San Francisco, is still youthful and active at ninety-six. By coincidence, it was my grandmother who brought him to California from the Dalmatian Coast as a lad of fifteen.

San Francisco has the only municipally owned Opera House in the United States, and supports its own ballet company, modern dance groups, two opera companies, and a symphony. In my memory span there have been only two conductors of the San Francisco Symphony. Alfred Hertz was a short, solid, even massive figure of a man, whose magnificent beard flowing over chin, collar, and tie contrasted almost in desperation with his nearly bald head. A thunderous type, he used to stomp his cane noisily to call to attention the huge student audiences at the Civic Auditorium during Music Week, a program he initiated. He was as forceful in sweeping Wagner and all his Valkyries across stage as he was gentle in rendering Debussy's murmurs of nature. Despite his marked limp, he and Mrs. Hertz are said to have bathed regularly at China Beach in the cold Golden Gate, walking down the trail from their mansion nearby in Sea Cliff. During the late thirties Hertz died on the job, and Pierre Monteux was named conductor. In 1952 he resigned in order to be free to travel at will during his remaining years. On his seventy-fifth birthday, San Francisco symphony lovers gave him a tremendous party at the Civic Auditorium, which was decked out for the occasion to represent the streets of Paris.

The San Francisco Opera Company's fall season lasts four to six weeks; then it goes on the road to Oakland, Sacramento, Fresno, and Los Angeles. Theater has always flourished in the city, with long runs at the Geary or the Curran. As early as 1850, *Othello* was played in San Francisco by a troupe from Lima, Peru. During the eighties Oscar Wilde lectured to fashionable audiences. In those early days many of the saloons and bars hung paintings and provided music. Modern drawings and paintings by local artists still adorn the walls of restaurants and bars in the so-called bohemian section near Montgomery Block, a historic artists' studio.

Controversial Benjamin Bufano is one of the contemporary artists who are well known outside their home town. While a member of the Municipal Art Commission,

he suggested sponsoring a low-priced concert series for the man in the street. His Sun Yat-sen in stainless steel and red granite is a landmark in Chinatown's Saint Mary's Square. He also designed a 156-foot statue of Saint Francis of Assisi, for whom San Francisco was named, to grace Twin Peaks. It provoked such a storm of criticism that necessary funds were never appropriated, and to date we have only the site and the good intentions of Benny Bufano.

An earlier and less controversial sculptor, Douglas Tilden, is revered for the many bronze, greater-than-life-size statues throughout the city. When it was proposed that his Monument to the Mechanics be removed from its prominent site at a lower Market Street intersection to make way for traffic, local art lovers protested so vociferously that it was moved over, but not away, and a new tree-planted plaza now enhances the traditional statue.

Diego Rivera was invited to the city on a number of occasions and did a mural for the Stock Exchange. During the 1939 World's Fair he spent three months painting a mural before the public in the Art in Action show, depicting the cultural contributions of the people of the Pacific Coast, north from San Francisco to Alaska and south to Yucatan. Dong Kingman, the Chinese San Franciscan, is nationally known for his fluent water colors of the Bay Area. Earlier painters like Thomas Hill, Thomas Moran, and William Keith portrayed the natural landscape of the California mountain and hill country surrounding San Francisco.

Many who are familiar with the spectacular Top of the Mark do not know that the Mark Hopkins Hotel was the site of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, located in the old Mark Hopkins home. When the mansion was torn down in 1925, the institute moved to the north end of Russian Hill, where it became the California School of Fine Arts. The city also supports three major art museums—the Palace of the Legion of Honor at Land's End overlooking the Golden Gate, the De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park, both publicly financed, and the privately supported San Francisco Museum of Art, located in the Civic Center.

San Francisco became a writer's city long before the movies made Los Angeles a mecca. In the early years of this century, Jack London drew upon the San Francisco waterfront for local color. Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling adopted the city for short periods, and William Saroyan wrote *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* in an apartment on Carl Street.

San Franciscans are a breed who know their own minds. When the Golden Gate Bridge was going up, they decided they preferred the bright-orange rustproof coating used as a base to the quieter gray planned for the final paint job. As a result of the pressure of public opinion, the brilliant color was retained. From time to time the old cable cars also become an issue with the local populace. They are a hangover from the seventies, Andrew Hallidie's solution to the problem of scaling the steep streets resulting from Vioget's plan. Whenever plans to "improve and modernize" threaten this quaint tradi-

tion, "Save the Cable Cars" citizens' associations spring up overnight.

On the other hand, in the thirties the people readily consented to the loss of the picturesque ferryboats that once streaked paths of white foam across the bay, to be superseded by the two bridge spans. The seven-mile Bay Bridge is double-decked for electric trains, trucks, and automobiles. Sixty-five stories above the water surface, the Gate Bridge hangs by 27,572 strands of pencil-thin wire suspended from two towers three-quarters of a mile apart.

San Francisco's vertical streets and jammed-up houses urge still further change, especially to take care of the 120,000 newcomers who arrived between 1940 and 1950. The residents like small lots with minimum area to maintain and maximum outlook to enjoy. Homes of sophisticated contemporary design are replacing the Victorian castles of the nabobs' golden epoch that survived the fire. But in converting the original landscape to "townscape," the parks, playgrounds, and open spaces are jealously preserved intact. For San Franciscans insist above all on letting nature hold sway. ♦ ♦ ♦

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

| | |
|-------------|---|
| Inside | |
| front cover | From <i>Tipos e Aspectos do Brasil</i> , published by the Instituto Brasileiro de Geografia e Estatística |
| 3, 4 | Caicedo |
| 5 | Caicedo (3)—Courtesy University of Illinois |
| 6, 7, 8 | Courtesy Chilean Embassy |
| 11 | Courtesy N. Pelham Wright |
| 12 | From <i>La República de Platón y los Guaraníes</i> , by Peramás—Courtesy N. Pelham Wright |
| 13, 14, 15 | Courtesy Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, USDA |
| 16, 17 | Courtesy Museu de Arte |
| 19 | From <i>Caras y Caretas</i> (2) |
| 21, 22, 23 | Jóse Gómez Sicre |
| 29 | Jóse Gómez Sicre |
| 30 | From <i>Civilización i Barbarie</i> (2)—from <i>Guía Descriptiva del Museo Histórico Sarmiento</i> |
| 31 | From <i>Caras y Caretas</i> —From <i>Guía Descriptiva del Museo Histórico Sarmiento</i> |
| 36, 37 | From <i>Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México</i> |
| 39 | From <i>Evolução do Pensamento Antigo</i> , by José de Castro Nery |
| 40 | F. Adelhardt |
| 41 | César González—Courtesy University of the Andes—Caicedo |
| 42, 44 | Courtesy Chilean Embassy |
| 47 | No. 9, courtesy Hamilton Wright—No. 10, courtesy Pan American World Airways |
| Inside | |
| back cover | Grant Huntley |

"A horse that many own is ridden by all and tended by none."
—Severo Vaccaro (Argentina)

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 35



1. This Guatemalan is gathering ———, which, in its final form, ———, is sweet, snappy, and sells for as little as a penny. Fill in the blanks.

2. Hiram B———, as a young man, before he discovered the Inca ruins of Machu Picchu. Complete the name.



3. The intermediary valley region of Bolivia, between the high plateaus and the lowlands, is called the *yungas*, *llanos*, *altiplano*, or *montaña*?

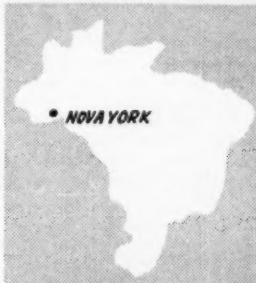
4. Colonial town preserved as a national monument features works of sculptor Aleijadinho, "the little cripple." Is it Taxco, Mexico; Ouro Preto, Brazil; Chichicastenango, Guatemala; or Cuzco, Peru?



5. "By reason or by force," the independence cry of men led by O'Higgins, today appears on coat of arms of nation they established. Do you know the country?



6. Town named for New York in this Latin American republic is much smaller than its U.S. counterpart. From the silhouette, can you name the country?



7. Two years ago, the *Banco de Fomento Agrícola e Industrial* was set up to help farmers, cattlemen, fishermen, and businessmen diversify and boost production in a country that is world's top sugar producer. Can you name it?



8. Guest that has dropped in for dinner at Quito, Ecuador, has biggest wingspread of any known bird. Is it the condor, bald eagle, albatross, or turkey buzzard?



9. The ubiquitous all-day sucker, called *piruli* in Spanish-speaking countries, *pirulito* in Brazil, is hawked here by vendor who calls it *pirouli*. What is his nationality?



10. Street in Buenos Aires known for its theaters, shops, cabarets, and night clubs is Broadway, Calle Corrientes, Cinelândia, or Calle Madero?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THAT JIM CROW LAW

Dear Sirs:

In reading *Los Hijos del Tío Tom* (*Uncle Tom's Children*), by Richard Wright, I came across bitter references to the "Jim Crow Law." Could you tell me what that law is and how it originated?

Dr. Alberto Entralgo Rodríguez
Santa Clara, Cuba

In the United States, the expression "Jim Crow" is applied to any law or custom requiring segregation of white and Negro persons in public places or in the enjoyment of public services. For the following account of the expression's origin, we are indebted to the Howard University Library:

Thomas Dartmouth Rice, the "Father of American Minstrelsy" and creator of the blackface minstrel character, once heard an old, decrepit Negro singing a queer tune, with his own words, in the streets of Louisville. The old man called himself Jim Crow, and as he concluded each verse of his song he did a peculiar "rockin' de heel" step, to the refrain:

*Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis' so,
An' eb'ry time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow.*

According to one story, the Negro singer was cleaning the horses in the stableyard near the Louisville Theater, where Rice was playing. In any case, Rice decided to imitate the curious, limping figure on the stage. He persuaded a Negro who hung around the theater to lend his entire outfit for the occasion. Having no other clothes, the lender had to wait in the cold outside while the act went on very successfully within. Finally he crept through the stage door and brought the song to an abrupt end with his audible whisper, "Ah wants mah clo'es."

The song and dance, despite the nonsensical words, became a minstrel sensation, and versions of it are still to be found. The name Jim Crow came to be applied to laws separating white and Negro people in public conveyances in the South. In 1841 the expression was first used in Massachusetts in connection with a railroad car set apart for Negro use.

Here are some of the verses of Rice's song, from "Gentlemen, be Seated!" by Dailey Paskman. The refrain follows each verse.

*Come, listen all you gals and boys,
Ise just from Tuckyhoe;
I'm going to sing a little song,
My name's Jim Crow.*

*I went down to de river,
I didn't mean to stay;
But dere I see so many gals,
I couldn't get away.*

*I git upon a flatboat,
I catch de Uncle Sam
Den I went to see de place where
Dey killed de Pakenham.*

*Another day I hit a man,
De man was mighty fat.
I hit so hard I knocked him in
To an old cock hat.*

*I sit upon a hornet's nest,
I dance upon my head;
I tie a wiper round my neck
An' den I go to bed.*

*I kneel to de buzzard,
An' I bow to de crow,
And eb'ry time I wheel about,
I jump jis' so.*

FIGURED WRONG

Dear Sirs:

I am a regular reader of *AMERICAS* and always find its articles of exceptional interest. Only last night I was scanning the number

for August 1952, and, being myself a citizen of a "leading Latin American country," was surprised to find that the figure (in the table on page 31) of [3,400 as] 0.00029 per cent of the total population of such a country reveals, "with the precision of a laboratory analysis," that the country must have a total population of some 1,130,000,000—or, one billion one hundred and thirty millions. Rather amazing, isn't it?

K. L. Miller
Rolling Hills, California

Our faces are crimson. Reader Miller is right—but not quite. The percentage should have been listed as 0.029, which, compared with Denmark's 2.02 per cent and 1.37 for the United States, indicates the dearth of vocational schools in the Latin American country. However, the original figure does not give "a total population of some 1,130,000,000," as Mr. Miller figured, but of some 1,172,400,000. In any case, the correct population figure would be, of course, slightly more than eleven million. Let's hope vocational educators will put plenty of emphasis on arithmetic in the curriculum!

WHOSE TENTS?

Dear Sirs:

In the July issue of *AMERICAS*, page 4, in the article by Anatole A. Solow, entitled "Ecuador Builds Its Way Back," appears the following, "and tents labeled with the freshly painted words Tungurahua Reconstruction Board next to the faded Star of David and a faint 'USA'." The tents were old army equipment, sold to Israel by the War Assets Administration, later donated by that country's new settlers to the Ecuadoreans." Mr. Solow doubtless has some purpose in making the above statement but he has not fully presented the facts.

The true facts are that approximately five hundred of the above mentioned tents did not have "a faded Star of David and a faint 'USA'," but on the contrary were plainly marked with a most clear USA, the tents having come out of service stocks in the U. S. Army depots in Panama and flown in special U. S. Air Force airplanes to Quito.

You see, I know the above to be true, because at that time I was U. S. Military Attaché in Ecuador. I was to a large extent instrumental in securing these plainly marked USA tents. I saw them unloaded in Quito and later personally saw them erected and in place in the Ambato area, in which area I can truthfully say that I saw no such tents as were described in Mr. Solow's article. I regret very much that all the readers of the July issue of *AMERICAS* have been misled.

Colonel Harry W. Miller
Washington, D. C.

We sent Colonel Miller's letter to Warren H. Cornwell, a member of the mission who was still in Ecuador, to check the tents for us. He replied: "The statement that there were tents painted with Junta de Reconstrucción, the Star of David, and U.S.A. can be substantiated. In the first place I myself saw them in May 1951 as did other members of the Pan American Union Reconstruction Mission at that time, Messrs. Pollock and Ospina. They were shown to us by engineer Wilson Garcés Pachano, then head of the Regional Planning Board, architect Sixto Durán-Ballén, a member of the same Board and now director of the School of Architecture of the Central University in Quito, and engineer Leopoldo Moreno L., Director of City Planning of Quito.

"To the best of my knowledge the tents no longer exist, having been replaced by new anti-seismic low-cost housing built by the Reconstruction Board; however I talked recently with Durán-Ballén and Moreno and both remember the Israel tents. They apparently were the only tents sent from outside the Western Hemisphere. Apparently Colonel Miller is correct in stating that many tents were flown in from U. S. Army depots in Panama. The Ecuadoreans say that later many more tents arrived from the Red Cross in Guayaquil, the Red Cross of Chile, Colombia, Uruguay, Venezuela, etc., and all so labeled.

"Thus, it would appear that the readers of the July issue of *AMERICAS* were not misled, but only acquainted with an interesting fact of international aid and goodwill."

Opposite: La Purísima, spectacular church in Monterrey, Mexico



The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica,

was established under a convention signed in 1944. It is supported by quota contributions from each of the twelve governments that have ratified the convention to date, and by gifts or subsidies it receives to carry out special projects. Its objectives are to stimulate and promote the development of the agricultural sciences through research, teaching, and extension activities in the theory and practice of agriculture and related sciences. For more details, or to order publications described below, write to the Scientific Communications Service.

Inter-American Institute of
Agricultural Sciences, Apartado
74, Turrialba, Costa Rica.

Turrialba.

Inter-American agricultural journal.

Published quarterly in January, April,

July, and October. Contains scientific

articles and technical notes on the

agricultural sciences and rural life,

in Spanish or English, and, in Spanish, selected

abstracts of publications on subjects of interest to

those engaged in agricultural research, education, or

extension work; an index of books and pamphlets

received by the Institute's library;

and news. Two-year subscription: \$3.75 U. S.

Cacao.

Formerly Cacao Information

Bulletin. Published

quarterly in two editions:

English and Spanish. Free

distribution to anyone who asks

to be put on mailing list.

Contains articles on the cultivation

of cacao in the principal producing

countries and information on recent research

and events of interest in connection

with cacao production.

Administración Rural,

by John A. Hopkins. Spanish translation

by J. Osorio Tajall of Elements

of Farm Management. Mexico City, Editorial

Atlante, 1952. 440 p. \$4.00 U. S.

Basic reference work for those interested

in the problems of organization and management

of farms. The author revised the text for this

edition, to adapt it to the conditions

prevailing in Latin America.

Information Bulletin.

Published monthly in Spanish, and

quarterly in English. Free distribution

to anyone who asks to be put on mailing list.

Contains information on cooperative projects

in member countries, research progress at

Turrialba, and international meetings in which

Institute personnel take part.